

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 293.—VOL. XI.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

[WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT.]

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London, King's Cross Station, September, 1879.

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NEXT week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain amongst other illustrations the following:—Portrait of Madame Humbert, Sir T. Leonard's Hunters at Belhus, by J. Sturges—Sketches from the North Lancashire Agricultural Show, by H. Moore—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Handsome Hernani at the Gaiety Theatre, by Alfred Thompson—The Regatta at Margate, by H. Tozer—Sunday in the Suburbs of Paris—Cobham Stud Farm—Richmond Regatta, &c.

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Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Colonel Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens at Four o'clock on every Saturday until the last Saturday in September. Amongst the latest additions are a Brown Hyena, a Striped Hyena, and three Mule Deer.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

SINCE the portions of our paper containing the articles by "Amphion" and "Skylark" on the St. Leger went to press, we have received a telegram stating that Wheel of Fortune has broken down badly.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE last day of the Dieppe Race Meeting does not require much description. The most interesting feature of the day was the running of Insulaire in the Prix National, which he won with consummate ease from Jujube, while Colifichet, another of the Comte de Lagrange's, was left in the rear a distance not to be measured by lengths. Jujube is a big, upstanding, striding horse, and had won a race at the meeting in good style; but as soon as Dodge let the wonderful little black's head a bit loose he passed his opponent in and forged ahead in a manner which showed that the odds of 5 to 1 on him were really 25 to 1. One thing about the meeting well deserves the attention of English racing authorities, and that is the reasonable distances of the different races. The cards were not occupied with those half-mile sports which show the keenness of the jockey in getting off more than the pace of the horse, and absurd as are many things to be seen on a French racecourse, it would be well if we humbly followed the French example in the matter of the length of races. On the first day the distances were 2,300 metres,

1,000, again 1,000, and 2,300, a hurdle race completing the programme. On the last day, after a hurdle race, the distances were 2,000 mètres, 1,500, 4,500, and 1,900. The two short races were for two-year-olds, the 1,500 mètres race for two-year-olds and upwards—a three-year-old won. A mètre is, as perhaps need scarcely be said, about three inches more than an English yard.

AMONG the peculiarities of French driving, as seen at Dieppe, is the method of harnessing single horses. The fashionable way is to have two reins, a curb, and a snaffle; and to see a gentleman in light kid gloves holding the reins on a level with his chin as he gracefully drives down the Plage is an exceedingly beautiful spectacle. Some of the saddle horses are draped with a large net, which goes all over the body nearly to the knees, and ends in big worsted balls. This also is lovely, though not very useful, as flies are not common pests. A great pleasure was taken from the drivers of traps who went to the races. They were not allowed to crack their whips, by order of the Maire. "Il est rigoureusement défendu aux cochers de claquer" ran the edict of his worship. Many Frenchmen are persuaded that the great art of driving consists of cracking a whip loudly and at frequent intervals, and the deprivation must have been very severely felt.

MISS BLANKINGTON, one of the best exponents of the part of Josephine in a certain comic opera called *H.M.S. Pinafore*, is a very pretty girl, and it occurred to an admirer a short time ago that she would make a very agreeable companion at a nice little supper. Miss Corcoran probably enjoys a nice little supper also, under circumstances where the *convenances* are strictly observed; and when her admirer said something about "entertaining the company," and asked if she would come, she consented. A brougham was waiting at the stage-door, and as she emerged her host stood ready to hand her in. She took her seat, and he was on the point of entering also when Josephine asked where the rest were? No one else was coming, she learnt; he had taken her as representing the company, and had not asked the others. "Thank you very much," Josephine observed, as she jumped on to the pavement again; "I never go anywhere without my sisters and my cousins and my aunts! Good evening." And he was left lamenting.

HERE is a dog story, with the hero of which I have the honour of a personal acquaintance. Some time ago a gentleman went to Florence, and took with him a noble colley named Rover. On arriving at the city, poor Rover missed his master while being led across the station by a porter, and no sooner had he done so than he adroitly slipped his collar and went off to search. He, too, was soon missed. He was something more than a great favourite—is a valued friend, indeed—and his master was in despair, for placards on the walls stated that dogs found wandering without collars would be killed. Up and down the streets Rover's master trudged, backwards and forwards, in and out of the station, but nothing could be seen or heard of the truant. At last, after hours of search, the gentleman went to an hotel to dine, the hour for *table d'hôte* having come; and in the hall, quietly lying down, was Rover. What Rover tried to say need not be recorded, but his master asked the landlord how the dog came and when, and was told that he ran in early in the day, scampered upstairs straight, and took possession of No. 44, where he had been all the time till about half an hour since. His master had been at this hotel rather more than two years before (and had been since, it should be mentioned, in some hundreds of others), and he asked the landlord to turn back and see what room he had then occupied? Surely enough it was 44. In spite of all that he had seen since, and of the fact that he had only stayed in Florence a few days, Rover remembered the place, and knew his way to his old quarters.

SEVERAL correspondents ask for an explanation of the Regatta game mentioned in an article in the last number on "Sport and Sportsmen at Dieppe." The game is very similar to the race game with which visitors to most French watering-places are familiar. Instead of the nine little leaden racehorses there are nine boats, and of course they have a huge basin to float in. Folded numbers are handed round in a bowl, as at the other game. You put in two francs and take a ticket. All the tickets being sold, the boats are started off by turning a handle or touching a spring, and when they have gone round three or four times in line another handle is worked which breaks the even ring and makes each boat travel independently of the others. Some stop after two or three rounds; others keep on slowly for a long time, and creep up in a very unexpected way. I notice that sharp people in Dieppe smile when asked whether they play at the boats, and say, "No." What they mean, I do not understand; but it is certain that when a boat seems to have stopped it contrives to make another move sometimes, and that certain numbers win much oftener than others. I have played, but always without success. The little horses are fair enough, though certain numbers have a slight tendency to stop in certain places, I am inclined to think. The 9 on one of the tables in the Casino very often finishes his career four or five lengths beyond the winning post, and so of course loses: on the contrary the other day. Sometimes he wins two or three times running. You may lose much more than you would think in an evening's play at two francs a ticket, and you may win much less than you expect.

BY degrees one's early beliefs are destroyed. When young we were taught to love, and to think all good things of, the dear little robin-redbreast; to sympathise with his retirement to the barn to put his head under his wing when it was cold, and to admire his caution when, sitting on a tree, up jumped pussy cat, and down jumped he. But in later years comes experience. The robin we have long known to be quarrelsome and prone to bully and fight, and now it is said that he is a drunkard. An article in an American paper called *Forest and Stream* declares

that when the robins find a tree of China berries, which possess intoxicating properties, they greedily consume the seductive fruit until they fall from the trees in a disgraceful state of drunkenness, and become an easy prey to the little niggers who, knowing the birds' habits, are on the lookout; moreover, one "drunk" does not satisfy them, and the debased creatures will repeat these disgusting orgies every day while the berries last. It is only fair to say that the robins find a defender, who asserts the story is not true, contradicts it from personal observation, and states that it is an old negro anecdote. He admits, however, that their accuser is an authority, and perhaps the robins he saw were so confirmed in the vice that they did not show the effects, though their headaches, parched throats next morning, and longing for soda-water would tell another tale could he have been aware of all.

SINCE writing of Sleepy Tom's great performance a still greater has actually been accomplished, and the prophecy that he would head the list is falsified. Edwin Forrest has easily beaten Sleepy Tom's record, and done his mile in the wholly unprecedented time of 2 min. 11½ sec. Good judges, according to *Turf, Field, and Farm* are of opinion that on a track which suits him he may even beat this astounding time, made near Tarrytown on August 9th. It is curious to observe some of the preparations for the race. In addition to the shoe on the near fore foot weighing 1lb. 2oz., the horse had a "toe-weight" of eight ounces fastened to this hoof and a six-ounce weight to the off. The reason is that the wings of the coffin-bone of the near fore foot are a little more elevated than those of the off; hence the horse requires more weight on that foot to make him send it out of the way of the hind one. He first did an easy mile in 2 min. 25½ sec., then speeded a quarter in 35 sec., and without even having the refreshment of a sponge was sent on his way. The times were—first quarter, 32½ sec.; half, 1 min. 5½ sec.; three quarters, 1 min. 38½ sec.; and mile, 2 min. 11½ sec.—somewhere about 26 miles an hour.

WHEN one comes to consider the ridiculous simplicity of shooting with a bow and arrow, it is quite wonderful that any archer should ever miss the bull's-eye. There are only twenty-four trifling little rules to be observed. Some of them are indeed somewhat long, and at first sight just a bit complicated, but no doubt a short study would make them perfectly clear. To begin with, an easy breath should be taken, so that the chest may be well inflated and there may be no need of drawing a deep sigh, and so disarranging the aim; the feet should be flat upon the ground; the heels six inches apart; the body resting easily on the hips; the left foot pointing 45 degrees to the right of the mark; the right pointing 90 degrees farther to the right: so that in shooting south the left foot points to the south-west, the right to the north-west, &c. This is part of the first rule, and there are only some twenty-three and a half more. Robin Hood was evidently a very much over-rated man.

AND *à propos* of archery, here are some verses I lately came across on the subject. The variety of the sport recommended in the last stanza has a good deal more than 24 rules; yet numbers of followers seem to understand it very completely:—

I.
Small need have you nymphs to be trying
Diana the Huntress's whim,
To send feathered arrows fast flying,
Tricked out in toxophilite trim;
Small need for your aim to be steady,
The string of your bow to be tough,
For man's subjugation already
You've weapons enough.

II.
For down in each delicate dimple
A world of sweet waywardness lies,
And searchers, the sage and the simple,
May read what is writ in your eyes.
With red lips that rival the roses,
A smile by which gods had been charmed,
Trim archers—of course one supposes—
You're thoroughly armed!

III.
Leave darts to the lover of Psyche;
His arrows are terribly true
And fatal to hearts where they strike, he
Will surely do battle for you.
His ally is each May-lily maiden,
Yours the conquest would certainly be
Were the gleam of arch glances love-laden
Your sole archery!

THE talk of establishing a pack of foxhounds near Brussels recalls to mind an account of hunting in Belgium, of which a veracious chronicle was sent to an old sporting magazine by an astonished participant. The quarry was a stag, and when the writer's friend called for him he was horrified to find the rash man in pink. This had to be taken off, for reasons which the friend explained. Only subscribers of 600 francs a year were allowed to wear red. They might also carry large French horns slung round their necks and under their arms, and might blow them wherever they liked. Subscribers of 400 francs might wear red also, and even carry a horn; but, alas! here their privileges ended. They might never blow the instrument: that sweet boon was *bien défendu*. The third class, paying 200 francs, might wear green coats and red collars, and might carry a short brass horn, like the English, but totally unlike the lovely music manufactory in which the first-class subscribers could encircle themselves; and the humble fourth class were not allowed red or green, and were forbidden any sort of instrument. The writer reached the scene of action, the hind was driven off by two men with whips, the pack trotted after her down the green drives; there was not a ditch, a hedge, nor an inequality in the ground, unless the hunt madly abandoned the drives, for many miles around. The sportsmen followed in pairs. Presently the writer, not liking the business, turned aside, jumped a ditch, and tried to cut in nearer

the head of the procession. Cries of horror and indignation greeted him; he was actually riding before a subscriber of the first class, who would have blown his horn only that his horse was cantering and he had to hold on. Soon after his return to the rear of the cavalcade the "mort" was sounded, which implied that Nancy, the hind, was tired, and on the way home she dropped a kid. It was generally agreed that the sport had been superb, and the daring sportsmen rode home in triumph. One of the first-class subscribers most condescendingly asked the writer whether they had any sport like that in England. He said "No."

THE editor of the *Chicago Field* is angry. Not with me, happily, but with correspondents who will write and ask him absurd questions; and to mitigate the flood-tide of letters that are pouring in upon him from all quarters he gives answers to a few of the most popular and frequent queries, and refers readers to that column. Out of a list of 270 dogs for sale he cannot say which is the best, and tries to excuse himself on the ground that he has not shot over all of them, and this is a fair specimen of his paltry subterfuges and ghastly ignorance. What should be the exact length, weight, and height of a puppy every week from the age of two weeks to two years he actually confesses he does not know, meanly urging that puppies of different breeds are of different sizes. He does not know the name of the first dog King Victor Emmanuel shot over, nor can he advise a subscriber how to teach a cow to lie down and let a lot of puppies suck her. He will not boldly and manfully say whether it hurts a dog to snore, though it must be confessed he has an excellent temporary cure for snoring. "Setting fire to the tip ends of their tails would doubtless stop them for the time being, but whether it would be a permanent cure, we question," he says. After this, however, he falls again into the slough of ignorance. He does not know how many dogs there are in Alaska, what dog has had the largest number of birds shot over him, and can suggest no better reason for a dog eating ravenously than that he was perhaps hungry. And yet, conducted by such an editor, the paper thrives.

RAPIER.

THE Bath and West of England Society and Southern Counties Association, at its ordinary council meeting held at Bristol, received an invitation from the Tunbridge Wells Farmers' Club, inviting the society to hold its meeting for 1881 in their neighbourhood. It was favourably received, although its acceptance was deferred.

MR. D'OYLEY CARTE has arranged for Mr. Archibald Forbes to give a series of lectures on the Zulu War.

THE stewards of the Jockey Club have decided upon altering the Cambridgeshire Course place of starting to a point lower than the old spot, so that the whole of the race can be easily viewed by those stationed at the finishing post.

THE Great Eastern Railway Company, with a view to the study of the comfort and convenience of their Newmarket patrons, have constructed on the Soham and Ely branch a new platform on the low level, from which the local traffic will be despatched, leaving the old platform free for the accommodation of passengers by the first-class specials to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras. A third platform is now being made, whence the third-class trains will be sent at race times. The opening of the new line will enable the Manchester people to get home much earlier than they do at present.

It is related of Heller, the magician, when officiating as organist of a church in Washington years ago, that he used to play "We won't go home till morning" with such exquisite effect as to impress the congregation with the solemnity and pathos of "Agnes Dei," or some equally fine composition of the masters.

An advertisement in the *Lynn Advertiser* runs as follows:—"A Great Bargain.—To be Sold, a Double Set of Carriage Silver-mounted Harness, in very good condition, suitable for horses 15 feet high. Price 8 Guineas."

THE great swimming match between Webb and Boyton, at Rhode Island, America, for 1,000 dols. a-side, resulted in a victory for the latter. Webb was attacked with cramp, and gave up after swimming eight miles and a half. Boyton wore a life-saving suit, and Webb an ordinary bathing dress. The distance, twenty-five miles, was covered in twenty hours by Boyton.

Mme. Rose Hersee, F. Gaynor and Lyster's Italian Opera Company are doing immense business at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney. Mme. Hersee and Agnes Palma are carrying everything before them.

Professor Pepper, of Polytechnic notoriety, arrived yesterday by the Lusitania steamer, and is announced to commence his entertainment at St. George's Hall here next Saturday.

Mr. Creswick and his daughter-in-law, Miss Helen Ashton, have returned from New Zealand, and opened last week at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, in *King Lear*.

The inquest on the death of Mr. F. Bates is not yet over.

Mr. Walter Hill, a comedian, well known in Australia and New Zealand, is dead. He had been ailing for some years, and at last died with disease of the heart.

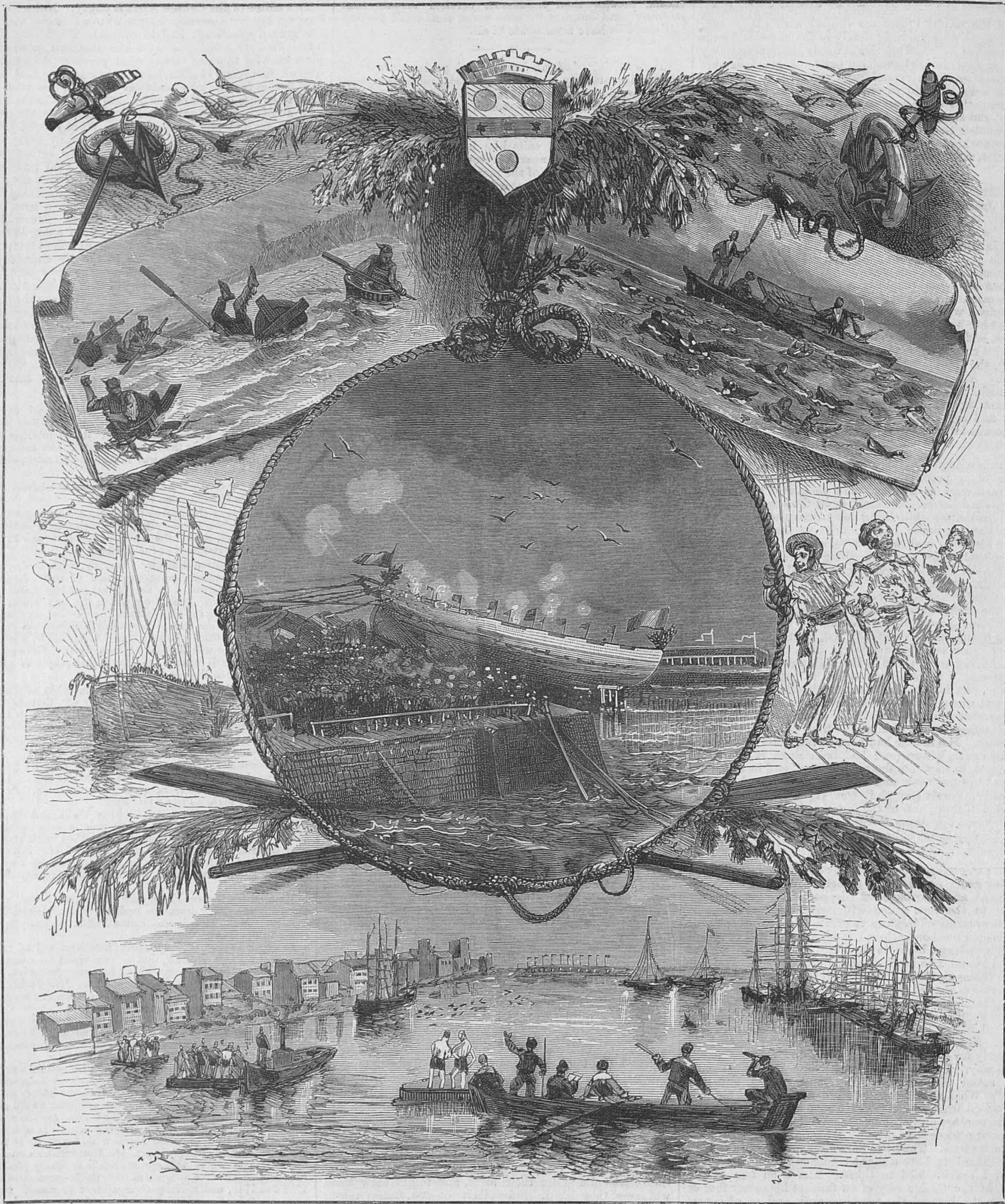
A CAVALRY officer at present stationed in garrison at Leipsic has, at the request of the editor of the *Sport-Zeitung*, written in that journal some interesting papers on the history of certain famous Hanoverian studs. The passage which would probably attract most attention from Englishmen relates to the celebrated Royal breed of white horses at Herrenhausen. It is as follows:—"Since a breed of white horses is no longer to be found in the Royal stables at Copenhagen, the Herrenhausen stud is now the only one where this special class is regularly produced by breeding. The race originated with the Memsen stud between 1730 and 1740, under King George II. of England. For stock were selected a fine white stallion, named 'Augustus,' a silver-gray English stallion known as 'Le Barbe Blanc,' a light-gray brood mare of the riding class, daughter of a brown horse, 'Caesar,' of Barbary origin, and some other clear gray and pale dun mares. The number was augmented subsequently by some white mares of Danish origin. After several years the wished-for result was produced—viz., a purely white offspring. If the white 'Augustus' may be regarded as the founder of the race, it cannot be denied that a succession of white Danish stallions contributed to the result, and especially one purchased in 1746 named 'Le Blanc.' It was after his arrival that the young produce became quite white. For many years all these white horses have had coal-black eyes. They are in general strongly-built, but with elegant shapes and over the middle size; they have beautiful action, excellent tempers, and great endurance. There are at present thirteen horses in the stud. Neither a horse nor mare is ever sold or given away to strangers. Any animal with the slightest blemish is killed."

MUSIC.

THE Covent Garden Promenade Concerts continue to attract large audiences, and it must be admitted that Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have shown themselves to be equally able and liberal as caterers for the musical public. The orchestral performances during the past week have been excellent; the numerous members of the band who returned on Monday last from the Birmingham Festival having resumed the places occupied in the previous week by deputies who, however individually meri-

torious, had not the homogeneity which results from long-continued simultaneous practice. At the concert on Monday last Beethoven's fourth symphony and other classical works were admirably performed. On Saturday last Mme. Annette Essipoff made her first appearance this season, and played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat (The "Emperor") in exquisite style. Her pianoforte playing has been a leading attraction during the past week. Amongst the instrumental novelties of the season one of the most successful has been the orchestral work entitled *La Mandoline*, composed by Mr. Alfred Burnett. We noticed this charming piece when first produced

at one of the Blackheath Orchestral Society's concerts last winter, and it was subsequently played with great success at the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts. It improves on further acquaintance. The leading themes are fresh, melodious, and piquant, and as the only instruments employed are the violins, violas, violoncellos, and double basses, playing *pizzicato* throughout the work, the effect of a gigantic mandoline is produced. It is not, however, on clap-trap effects that the success of *La Mandoline* is built. It is most ably harmonised, and many of the progressions are as original as they are delightful. It was enthusiastically greeted, and has been encored whenever introduced.



FÊTES AT CHERBOURG.

Another successful novelty (vocal) was the song, "My love, she's but a kitten, and my heart's a ball of string." The music, by Mr. Alfred Cellier, is not strikingly original, and the song was sung by Mr. McGuckin with little apparent perception of the possibilities of the song, but the playful and poetical words—written by Mr. H. S. Leigh—commanded public favour, and ensured the hearty encore which was bestowed.

At the classical concert on Wednesday last Mozart's symphony in G minor, Mendelssohn's overture, *A calm sea and*

prosperous voyage, the adagio and finale (why not the entire work?) of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, with Mme. Essipoff as pianist, and other standard instrumental and vocal works, were included in the programme.

It cannot be said that the programme was a strong one for a "classical" night, and we should have been content with less vocal music in order to have had fuller opportunities of hearing the Covent Garden band in great orchestral works. How well they played the overture and symphony it is needless to say. In

the accompaniments to the fragments from Beethoven's concerto they were less successful. The second part of the concert comprised "miscellaneous" selections, commencing with the orchestral arrangement of themes from *Carmen*, on which Mr. Alfred Cellier can hardly be congratulated. He has preserved the leading melodies, but has not been happy in his method of treating them, and has contrived to make Bizet a dull companion for the space of nearly forty minutes. It must be remembered, however, that this is Mr. Cellier's first attempt at writing an

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mlle. ERMINIA PERTOLDI.

This graceful and charming *première danseuse* recalls the days when dancing was a fine art, and the beautiful in motion was closely akin to those subtle and refined elements which go to the composition of a classic statue, a noble painting, or a fine piece of music; when every passion or feeling of the heart found as forcible expression in harmonious movement as in the harmonious musical sounds with which it blended. In those days the ballet was in its glory, and scarcely any form of dramatic entertainment was considered complete without its aid. Now mere gymnastic feats of muscular strength and agility are dignified with its name, the public have grown indifferent to it, and there is only one home in which what it once was can be fairly recognised, namely, the Royal Alhambra Theatre. At this house now reigns triumphant the lady whose portrait adorns the front page of our present number, the dancer who revives in her own person the glories of Fanny Ellsler, Taglioni, Cerito, and Grisi, realising, as they did, the true poetry of motion, and elevating her profession to its ancient dignity as a branch of the fine arts.

Mlle. Pertoldi is now appearing nightly at the Alhambra as the principal dancer in *Le Carnaval à Venise*, a brilliant spectacular ballet, associated with some pictorial scenic effects of remarkable beauty and completeness. The gradual approach of sunset deepening into twilight is realised admirably, and the sportive crowd of the wildly mythical festival, struggling to preserve or extinguish the lights which make so much of the fun after dark, is not less truthfully or pleasingly represented. Only dancing of the most powerfully artistic character could stand prominent before so gorgeous and attractive a background, but it fades into its proper state of subordination directly the brilliant dancer bounds before it, fascinating every spectator with her brightly beaming black eyes, graceful figure, and quick, vehement, joyous, but always artistic and beautiful movement.

Mlle. Pertoldi commenced her studies under Signor Casati at the Scala, Milan, where she made her *début* in 1870, at once achieving a brilliant triumph. She danced as principal artist in the Opera House at Cairo, for one season, and for twelve months held the same position at the Paris Grand Opera House. Her engagement at the Alhambra, now renewed for a lengthy period, promises to renew the old glories of genuine ballet-dancing, and restore it to the honours it once enjoyed in the estimation of English playgoers. We are pleased to hear that this talented young lady will shortly appear in a new ballet now in preparation.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The great musical festival at Birmingham is added to the long and brilliant series of its forerunners, the critics having pronounced it a success; and financially, although it has not touched the high level of former festivals, it has not been bad. It was the thirty-first of its race, and began its brief reign on Tuesday week in the Town Hall, under weather conditions more favourable than was promised in the early morning, and terminated it on the following Friday evening with a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and the customary performance of the National Anthem. The attendance is appended. On the first morning the number of visitors was 1,952; on the first evening, 1,268. On Wednesday 993 attended the morning performance, and in the evening 862. On Thursday morning 1,945 attended, and in the evening 1,462. On Friday morning 1,378, and in the evening 1,325.

JOHANN STRAUSS, THE CELEBRATED WALTZ COMPOSER.

Johann Strauss, whose portrait we give, is the son of Jean Strauss, of whom Berlioz speaks so highly in his Memoirs. Although he showed from his earliest age a great passion for his art, he had to combat the wishes of his father, who had far different views as regards his career, and his persistence in following his adopted profession led to a serious disagreement, which, however, fortunately, only lasted for a short time. Gifted with a sympathetic countenance, an impressionable and nervous temperament, and an irresistible attractiveness, which caused him to be sought after by the most distinguished families, he rose, when quite young, to an exceptionally high position. From the first he was successful, and Vienna resounded with applause at his compositions of "Chauve-Souris," "Cagliostro," and "Mathusalem." All the world is acquainted with his "Blue Danube," "La Vie d'Artiste," "Les Mille et Une Nuits," "Les Feuilles du Matin," &c. Yielding to warm solicitation, Johann Strauss accepted the offer to direct some of his popular works at the Bal de l'Opéra in Paris, where an unsympathising orchestra, unaccustomed to his style of instrumentation, could not diminish the charm of his compositions. At the Exhibition, in 1878, the great artist, however, obtained a marked success.

"THE FIRST."

The first of September is a joy for ever, if it is not always a thing of beauty; and partridge shooting is a phase of sport which has delights for a larger number of votaries than most others command. Dear to the hearts of many is the privilege of deer-stalking in Scotch forests, but they are by comparison few. Pheasant shooting is a recreation confined almost wholly to the wealthy, demanding large coverts strictly preserved for its exercise. Hunting is to be had in well-nigh every district in the United Kingdom, but those who can afford to enjoy it thoroughly are not very numerous. Partridge shooting, on the other hand, is if not exactly "sport for the million," sport for many thousands of all classes above those of artisans and day labourers, as the lists of license holders annually testify; and it is a matter for congratulation it is so widely distributed and obtainable with so little difficulty. Its popularity shows no diminution; and with health, strength, a fine day, and a fair supply of "the little brown birds," there are few, if any, pastimes from which a man can derive more genuine enjoyment than from a ramble among the stubbles and turnips, the mangolds and seed clovers, in company with a friend or two, and behind a couple of well-trained dogs. Hence, in a season like the present, let sportsmen be wary and self-denying lest we exterminate the source of so much pleasure so widely enjoyed.

This season has been productive of unfavourable reports from different parts of the country; birds are scarce in their most favoured haunts—for instance, in Hampshire, many of the best manors in the neighbourhood of Southampton being utterly bare, whilst even old birds have been killed by the severity of the weather. In Kent things are almost as bad, such grand partridge shootings as those of Sir John Lubbock and Sir William Hart-Dyke hardly showing a tithe of the average crop. The tenour of the reports from Surrey is the same, only the high chalky or gravelly soils yielding decent coveys. Hertfordshire is equally bare, even so good a neighbourhood as Panshanger producing only coveys of two or three young birds each. Huntingdonshire fares likewise, and many manors

in the neighbourhood of St. Neots will not be shot over at all this season. A worse season has not been known for years in Cambridgeshire, the famous shootings in the vicinity of Newmarket being almost bare of feathers. Further north we find Leicestershire almost birdless, and Worcestershire is in the same condition. From Norfolk and Suffolk, whose fame has been established for generations as the best partridge counties in England, come the same lugubrious reports of the scarcity of birds, and many shootings in East Anglia will enjoy a respite. Looking further north again, we find the prospects of sportsmen in Yorkshire, especially in the southern parts of it, of an equally desponding character. Scotland, too, tells the same sad tale, and, without referring specifically to the information received from a variety of other quarters, it is sufficient to say that there is a general concurrence that the partridge season of 1879 will be practically a blank.

BAZAAR AT BANGOR IN AID OF THE "CLIO" TRAINING SHIP.

The annual distribution of prizes to the boys of the North Wales, city of Chester, and Border Counties Training Ship "Clio," which is moored in the Menai Straits, was this year supplemented by a bazaar organised for the purpose of raising funds to enable the committee to erect a more airy sick ward.

For several weeks prior to the 19th inst. it had been announced that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster would be present, and that the latter would distribute the prizes. But the extraordinary storms and swelling floods which have devastated the country interfered to prevent their Graces from paying a visit to Bangor. Many others also were probably deterred from visiting the ancient city from a similar reason. Still there was a goodly assemblage, and the proceedings from the beginning to the end were deeply interesting.

The bazaar was held in the spacious skating rink, which "cheerful givers" and willing workers had decorated and furnished with excellent effect; the officers of the "Clio" supplying many banners and flags. A quantity of the material used in the decorations had been lent by Mr. Herbert Wood. With one exception, the whole of the stalls were arranged along the sides of the building, and upon them was displayed an almost endless variety of goods, useful and ornamental. The Hon. Mrs. West, the Misses West, Mrs. Moger, and Mrs. Legge presided at the large stall in the centre of the room, which was quite a little bazaar in itself. On the left side the stalls were attended by Mrs. Pryce and the Misses Pryce, the Vicarage, Bangor; the Misses Twiss; Menai Bridge; Miss Brown, Chester; and the Misses Hughes, Brynmair, Bangor; and on the right side by the Misses Fluit, Chester; Miss Rogers, Mrs. Frederick Ogle, Mrs. and Miss Owen, Beaumaris, Mrs. Delaney, Mrs. Jones, and Miss Tyson presided at the refreshment stall. A variety of mounted fern leaves were exhibited by Mr. T. C. Boston, F.R.H.S. Messrs. Bennett, of Liverpool, gave a very handsome timepiece, and Messrs. Elkington a quantity of cutlery.

At intervals the "Clio" minstrel troupe gave performances, and afforded not a little amusement to the visitors. The bazaar was continued on the three following days, and was visited by a large number of persons. Captain Moger, however, who has from the beginning spared no exertion upon his part to make the undertaking a success, anticipates a profit of about £200. Probably a supplementary bazaar will be held at Chester.

THE HORSE SHOW AT THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

AUGUST 26, 27, AND 28.

The final show to take place on the historic ground of Kildare-street, in so far as horses are concerned, came off this week with what of *éclat* might be afforded it by a sunless sky and wild, dripping weather, the antiquated show-ground having to yield, perforce, and with all of man's accord, to more commodious and extensive concerns in the forthcoming year. This last exhibition held within its narrow and slushy limits has, like Caesar, made at least a semblance of dying decently. And, indeed, for number of exhibits, for beauty of form, and for symmetry of bone, muscle, and sinew, so far as those exhibits went, I am, I believe, safe to say that the Autumn Horse Show at Dublin in 1879 has never been excelled by anything of its like, if even it has been approached. On going over the ground I found that the number of dainty darlings to feast the eyes of the lovers of horseflesh was considerably over 600. There stood, stabled in all their royal pride, the lordly hunters, gallant brutes equal to any weight short of 17st. Here the high-stepping park horses, anon the stalwart sires, the coy silken-coated ponies, with mischief lurking in each and every eye, the staid and matronly brood mares, and the great, unwieldy, patient-looking agricultural equines, all in all they were a goodly show, and well they seemed to know it, for never knight received guerdon from his lady-love with more sense of its fitting bestowal than did some of the favourites the caresses of beautiful dames as they passed radiantly on, and mayhap stood awhile enwrapped to gaze at the satin-skinned gentle creatures that were stalled within reach, and looking as if craving a touch from some tiny gloved hand. In one particular things went widely different from last year, for there was no military music to frighten the animals to madness, and, perhaps, to spread death and disaster around; so that the ladies, God bless them! may have been sadly disappointed over the matter, and may have felt sorely the interminable time, as it seemed, that was spent over the judging. Yet I hope all was made up to them, for lack of music and loss of time, by their display of fashion and finery, and their captious criticism of dearest friends and acquaintances. And O that same judging! I wonder if the judges themselves swore over the awful matter, as did the visitors. Imagine the slush underfoot, the threatening overhead, and then a seemingly endless number of horses brought up to a high stone leap to test their quality and their courage. I speak to be sure as an outsider, but it strikes me forcibly that going clearly over the aforesaid leap was not nor should be the determining test for nervous, and taking their antecedents into account, pettish and petted animals. Many and many a one that first sad day came before the judges and cleared the wall at the first venture, although on being again brought round, in sheer terror at the sea of faces around would shy and balk, and be thereby disqualified. A pretty, very pretty scene was witnessed on the second day, when all the prize winners were brought singly before the Viceroy, his amiable Duchess, and her court. Allan McDonough, Esq., the veteran gentleman jock of Ireland, he who of old steered the celebrated Brunette to victory, was especially honoured by a true friendly recognition by their Graces, at which the old man horsey rode off in seeming delight. The indefatigable and ever courteous Mr. Waters, C.E., acted the onerous part of weigh and competition master, and many and many a jocose bit of badinage and cheery jest echoed around him, and pleasant faces ever and anon left his surroundings far and away, more than those who, facing the terrible vet. with their animals, would now and again, after his tests, be sent away disconsolate. With a true conscientiousness, Mr. Murphy, of Dublin, did well his part in the matter of professional final test, which, when all other

veterinary points were satisfactory, was made by placing a hat before and beside the eyes of each animal, but bitter as was seemingly this test, it was not my fortune, either for good or for ill, to witness one brute disqualified. If gruesome faces showed here and there over the ground, and tired men and tired beasts were everywhere in view as closing time came round, there were few sad countenances among its grinning crowd that stood lustily shouting below the provender clerk, who, vising the ticket presented to him and nipping it as does a railway guard, ordered a horseshoe-pinned individual on a loft above him to cast the required bundle of fodder down, which act the same horsey one performed after the manner of a gorish; and lo! there was laughing, and jostling, and merry contention below, as each secured for his beast the much-desired food. And so ended the last horse show at Kildare-street. The next takes place at Ball's Bridge, and in the words of the author of "John Gilpin," "may we be there to see."

OUR ARTIST IN SWITZERLAND.

(See page 596, ante.)

When the social season is over and done, and every one who is any one is gone "seaward as the great winds go," what can be more refreshing than to get right away from the perpetual rattle of cabs, grinding of organs, whistling of butcher-boys, and the prolonged monotone of the London costermongers, "Strawberries, founpence a pottle!" among the vineyards, mountains, lakes, primitive little artistic villages, and old towns of Helvetia, where the cloven-heel of 'Arry has never trod, where there are no stray H's dropped at your feet to stumble over, but where it is like the land of the lotus eaters, "One perpetual afternoon"? The land of Caesar's conquests and of Anne of Gierstein's home retains much of its original dreamy picturesqueness even in these days of steam and electricity, and no earthly paradise could be more after the heart of the artist than the free country of Cantons. Here he may sit amongst the flowers in the valleys, and sketch the old mountain giants in their white nightcaps of snow, or sail up the beautiful lakes, fringed with forests, of Geneva, Lausanne, Thoun, or Zurich, in which it will not take him a great stretch of imagination to suppose the small white clouds that race across the steel-blue shield of sky like a flock of swans at eventide, and mirror in the wave, are Undine, Lurline, and Little Tom, together with their soulless brother and sisters, singing and playing at some waterbaby festival. Here the poet and painter may make "a string of pictures of the world" without the impudent intrusion of prying eyes and vulgar, ignorant comments. It is, indeed, a sweet-souled Eden wherein to lie and linger.

THEATRICALS IN AUSTRALIA.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Melbourne, July 9, 1879.

The great event of the month in the dramatic world has been the advent of Messrs. W. S. Lyster and Arthur Garner's London comedy company. They opened at the Opera House on the 21st of June in Sardou's comedy of *Friends*, which is better known in England as *Nos Intimes*. The ladies and gentlemen engaged in the presentation are more or less known in England. The cast of parts which I here give will show who they are:—

Robert Dawson, Esq., of Wheatlands.....	Mr. Arthur Garner.
Dr. Thompson.....	Mr. George Warde.
Maurice de Terrebonne.....	Mr. F. De Belleville.
Markham.....	Mr. Frederick Marshall.
Meanley.....	Mr. Edwin Shepherd.
Captain Donoghue.....	Mr. R. J. Roberts.
Theodore.....	Mr. Frank Cates.
Servant.....	Mr. Henry Lemmon.
Cecile Dawson.....	Miss Blanche Stammers.
Amy.....	Miss Dora Stanton.
Susan.....	Miss Annie Taylor.
Mrs. Meanley.....	Mrs. Marion Stammers.

When it was first announced that a new company were coming from London we were led to expect but little from them, as, from past experience, disappointment had followed on every new introduction other than a "star." Two years ago Mr. Coppin (who has generally been noted as a dabbler in the "cheap and nasty" market for artists) introduced, with much flourish of trumpets, a new company, who, on being tried, were found much wanting, and nothing to be compared in any way with the lady and gentlemen artists then in the colony. But with Mr. Garner's company it is very different. Mr. Lyster said from the stage of the Opera House: "I will let the company speak for themselves. I have Mr. Garner's word that they are good. I am quite satisfied, and I am sure you will be." These are not his exact words, but the purport of his speech. And time has proved the truth of his prediction. Individually and collectively we have never had so good a comedy troupe. They are far and away superior to any combination that has yet appeared in this hemisphere. The comedy has been placed upon the stage under the direction of Mr. Garner with a completeness and attention to details that has never been equalled in Australia. They are now in the third week of the run of *Friends*, and will, I hear, carry it through the fourth, a most unexampled run for a comedy nowadays. At the Academy of Music *H.M.S. Pinafore* continues to attract crowded audiences, and well it might, as it is the greatest success in burlesque known in Melbourne for many years. The distribution of characters is of the highest class, viz.:—

Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.....	Wm. Horace Lingard.
Captain Corcoran.....	John Forde.
Ralph Rackstraw (A.B.).....	R. L. Skinner.
Dick Deadeye (A.B.).....	John L. Hall.
Ben Backstay (Boatswain).....	Oly Deering.
Bill Bobstay (Boatswain's mate).....	C. Tomholdt.
Bob Becket (Carpenter's mate).....	H. A. Thompson.
Dingle Danton (Midshipman).....	Wm. Warner.
Tom Tucker (Midshipmite).....	Master Harry Hall.
Josephine (Captain's daughter).....	Miss Alice Dunning Lingard.
Little Buttercup.....	Mrs. J. L. Hall.
Hebe (Sir Joseph's first cousin).....	Miss Laura Wiseman.
Caroline (Sir Joseph's first sister).....	Miss Kate Foley.
Clarinda (Sir Joseph's maiden aunt).....	Mrs. W. Ryan.

The Theatre Royal, which is in truth the Drury Lane of the Australasian colonies, is now given up to performances which would almost be a disgrace to a fair. The terms they offer to "stars" or combinations are on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose;" hence so much grumbling with stars who have once appeared there, but will not any more. The Royal management now is more niggardly than ever, although they have so much opposition from active managers, who are not antediluvian fossils. At present they are playing, to about £20 houses, Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Pettitt's drama, *The Sole Survivor*, in which Mr. Fred. Thorne plays Gregory Giggles.

The new Princess's Theatre has become the Britannia Theatre of Melbourne, and under good management should pay well. It is under the direction of Mr. L. M. Bayless, the husband of Mrs. Mary Gladstone, who made a fizzle some years ago at the Gaiety, London, in a translated version of *Rose Michel*, by Mr. Clement Scott. It will, I think, soon change management. Messrs. George Rignold and Fred Thorne are two of the theatre proprietary company. Mr. George Rignold is drawing excellent houses at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, with his masterly impersonation of *Henry F.*

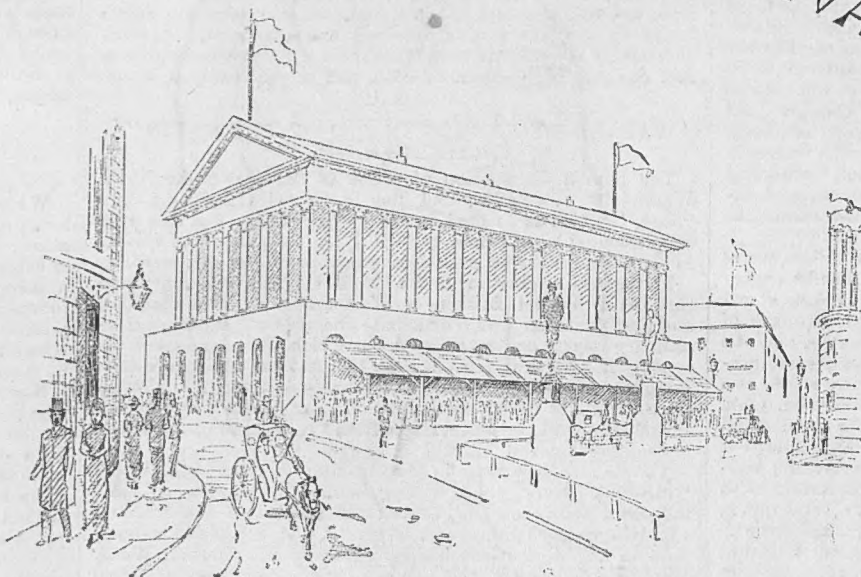
W. H. W.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

AUGUST: 1879.



*Duet from
"The Lyre and the Harp."*



The Town Hall.



"Canta la Serenata."



Moses.



A prominent Steward.



An ardent Main Spring.



An energetic Secretary.



A local critic.



Sir Michael.



A London Critic.



"Pharaoh."

A popular choir master.

A local celebrity.



A distinguished patron.



A famous leader.



A veteran musician.



*Composer of
"The Song of the Bell."*



A severe critic.



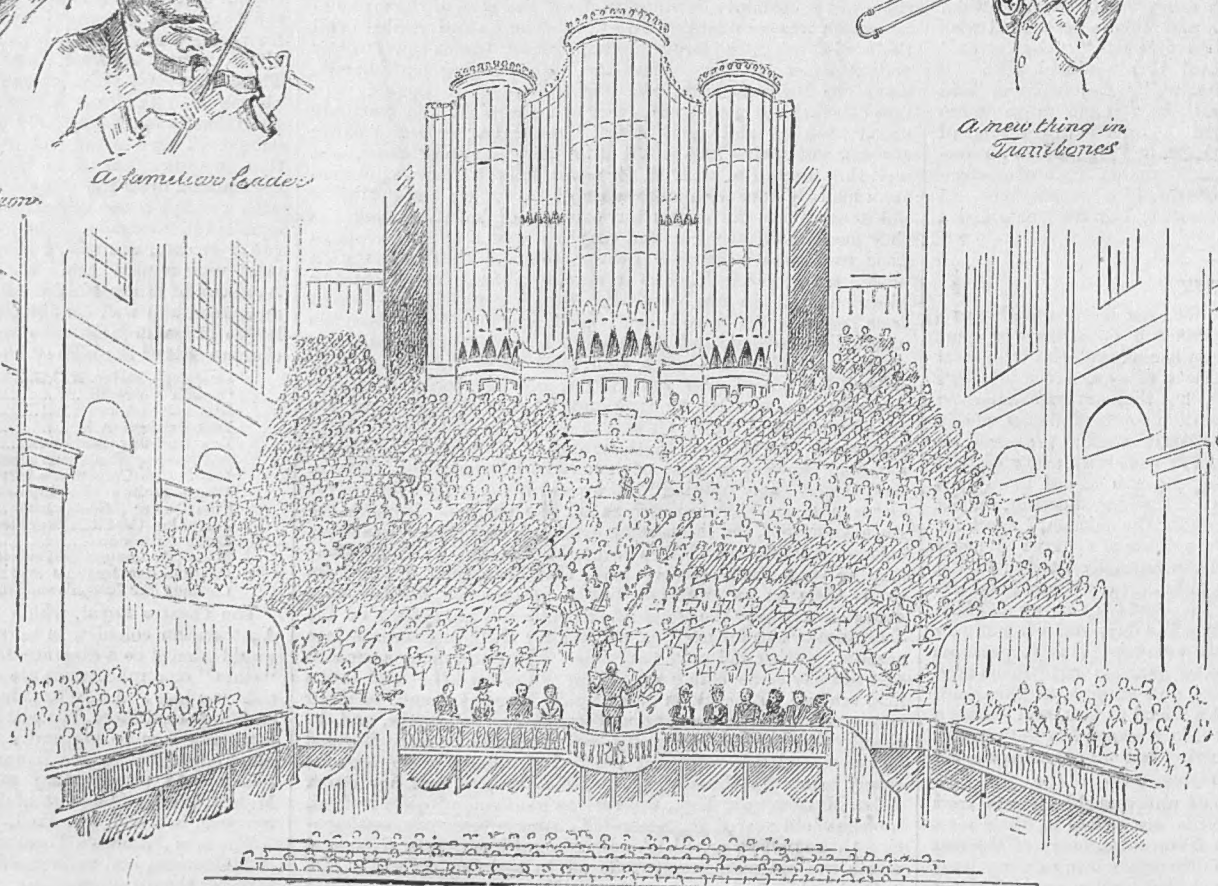
*A new thing in
"Tranberries."*



An intense listener.



*An enthusiastic
Conductor.*

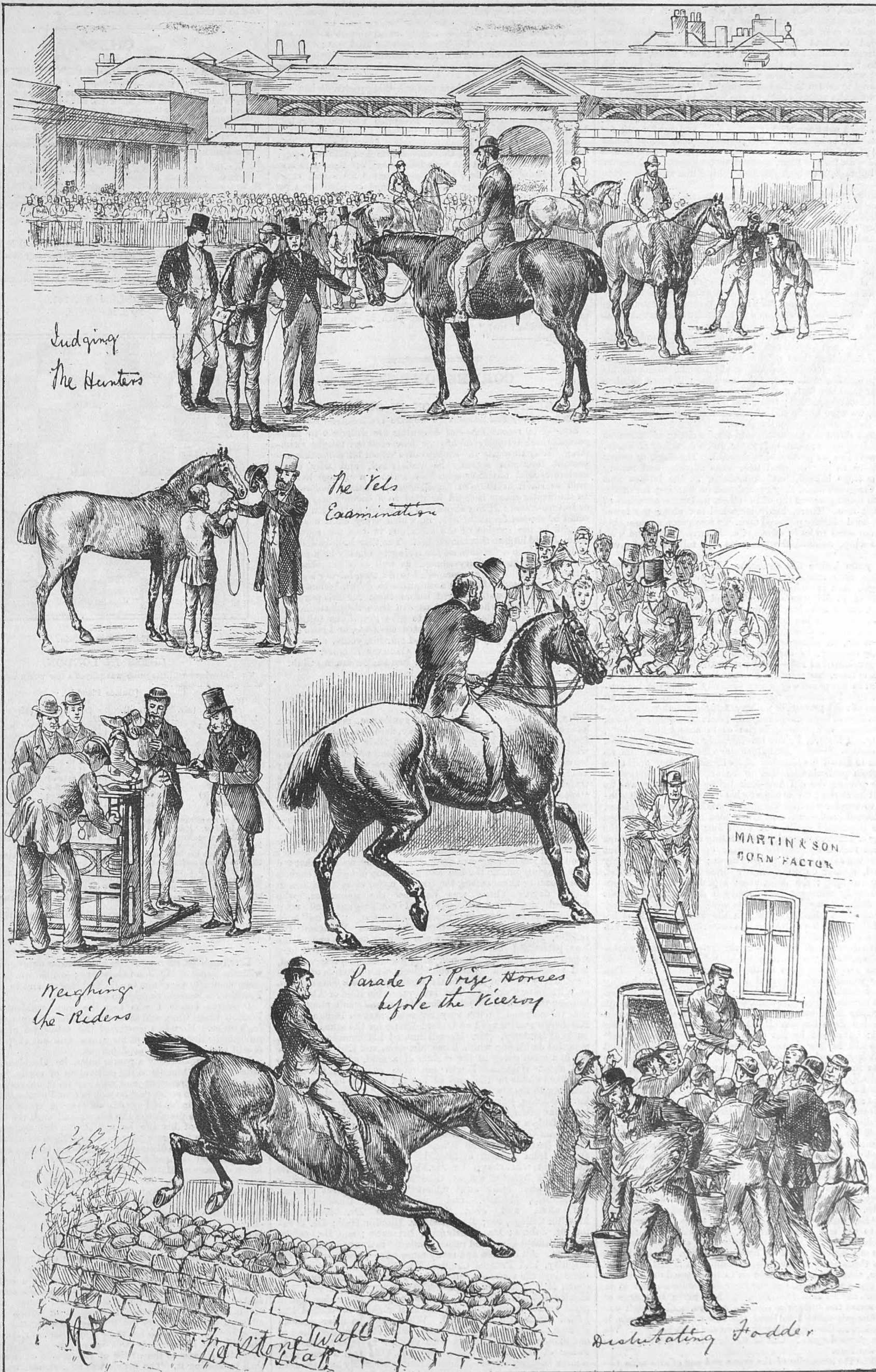


The Orchestra.



*Le Contre Fagotto
alias
Le Basse.*

John Dinsdale: del.



A PUMA HUNT.

(Concluded from page 559).

The ground, difficult enough at starting, got worse and worse as we proceeded; after two or three leagues it became impracticable even for our mules. Don Domingo dismounted and tried to lead his horse up the incline, but after the distressed animal had slipped and fallen twice, we were forced to the conclusion that the only way for us to finish our hunt was on foot. Juan, with a small stock of provisions, was ordered to return to the last spring of water we had passed, then to walk the animals back to the mine, in case we failed to rejoin him at the spring within 24 hours; we to shoulder our saddle-bags, and to make the best of our way after the puma. This was hard work for Mickey and myself, and harder still for Don Domingo; in addition to his *alforjas*—a kind of double pocket forming part of the saddle—he carried a heavy raw-hide lazo, a bag filled with toasted flour, a gourd-shell of water, and sundry smaller luggage, all which dangled behind him attached to the firearm.

Climbing, creeping, and floundering on, still guided by the birds, the heat of the day was past before we reached the ledge upon which we had watched them alighting. The attraction turned out to be the carcass of a young colt, freshly killed, the throat and much of the forequarter eaten away and the remainder showing unmistakable signs of the puma's teeth and claws. I ventured to point out to Don Domingo that his twigs and leaves were conspicuous by their absence, but Mickey, the irrepressible (who was always most Irish when excited, and more Yankee in his cooler moments) broke in with: "Shure, how can ye expect the baste to perfect the eaten parts wid vegetation, seein' there's none in the entire disthric at all at all, barrin' stones?" which was conclusive.

The dogs again proved themselves unmitigated frauds; with great difficulty and a liberal use of his iron ramrod, their owner succeeded in beating them off the horseflesh, and attempted, as well as the nature of the ground would permit, to repeat his concentric circular evolutions of the morning; it was a hopeless endeavour from the first, and after nearly an hour's hard work, he rejoined us discomfited; there was not a suggestion amongst the three, we were at the end of our resources, completely non-plussed, and finally gave up the chase.

Half-way down the mountain side stood a clump of enormous trees, holding out a promise of water and a certainty of shade, and towards this we proceeded to descend. The dogs, as weary and footsore as our dejected trio, were slipping and rolling down the slope behind, but on arriving at the bushes that fringed the green oasis, they rushed past us barking furiously, and set to leaping one on top of the other, under the branches of the nearest tree. There, lazily stretched out along the lower limb, his head placidly pillowed upon his fore paws, so close that I, who happened to be in advance, could have flicked him with a tandem whip, reclined the puma we had followed and given up for lost.

Once, years before this occurrence, I entered the smoking-room of a club hurriedly, and at uncanonical hours, fully expecting to find it untenanted, but inadvertently disturbing the repose of an old gentleman who had composed himself to sleep in a large arm chair in front of the fire, with a crumpled copy of the *Times* in his hand. The slight incident had been long forgotten, but when the puma raised his head and looked straight at me, the remembrance of the accident took full possession of my memory, to the exclusion of every other thought. The old gentleman of 186—, was not in the least like the puma of ten years later, nor were the surroundings identical, but the expression in the puma's eyes was precisely that of the benevolent-looking old gentlemen when I so suddenly awoke him; an expression of mild protest, in no way ferocious, but rather conveying an idea of legitimate annoyance, conventionally repressed, and a readiness either to apologise or to accept an apology, graciously. I believe, I quite involuntarily clutched at my hat.

Snap-shots were out of Don Domingo's line; it took him no little time to divest his howitzer of its incumbrances, and even then certain preliminaries had to be arranged in connection with the pan of the old flint-lock before everything was in order and he stepped up so close to his victim that I was constrained to wonder whether the animal would be blown to pieces, or only turned inside-out, and knew that the hide I coveted would be hopelessly spoilt. A deafening explosion, like the springing of a mine, followed, reverberating along the hill-side as the echoes took it up after the manner of a royal salute, but the effects were strangely disproportionate; the puma, evidently untouched, sprang on to a higher branch and disappeared, growling savagely; the dogs, after a prolonged howl, were silent, probably stunned; Don Domingo staggered backwards rapidly, still pressing the stock of his weapon to his shoulder, leaving the barrel quietly smoking in the under-growth at his feet, and the old nails and other things careering towards Heaven or the adjacent Republic.

The situation was dramatic:—would the puma consider himself "at bay," and "sit up upon his haunches, and weep?" or would he leave that part of the performance to us. Don Domingo would have appeared to be rehearsing it, having eventually fetched up in a sedentary position in a bush, but that his air of mingled dismay, consternation and inconvenience (it was a prickly furze-bush), denoted feelings and sensations that "did lie too deep for tears." Certainly the animal was not wounded; but might he not come down and "make havoc," if only to still further disconcert Don Domingo's zoology, and us? Mickey seized the empty barrel, as the best available substitute for a shillelagh, whilst I cocked my revolver, half apologetically, guessing from analogy how inadequate a five-inch barrel and marrow fat pellets would be to silence those diabolical growls.

Don Domingo was a professional lion hunter and a man of action; discarding the useless remnant of his field-piece, he slipped off his *poncho*, threw his lazo over the limb of the tree, and commenced the ascent. Constant growling, varied by an occasional roar, disclosed the whereabouts of the puma, a spot the hunter appeared to avoid as he worked himself upwards through the branches, until at length we discerned him reaching over above it, and as if fishing with the open loop of the lazo. "He's trying to rope him!" I whispered: the silence had been oppressive, and Mickey, relieved by the sound of my voice, retorted, "Begorra, I'm thinking he means to tie the murderin' craytur to the tree whilst, till he goes home to fetch a better blunder box." There was a struggle amongst the inner branches of which we could see little or nothing. Suddenly the lazo was thrown out of the tree, uncoiling as it fell, and Don Domingo, shouting to us to hold on to it, dropped down beside us; the puma was roped, but our difficulties were not yet at an end. For safety's sake Don Domingo had taken two turns of the lazo round the branch above the captive, and though our united strength sufficed to bend the soft wood downwards, it had no effect on the struggling brute on the limb below it. We were non-plussed again. One of us must re-ascend the tree to ease-off the lazo.

Meantime the struggles of the puma and our efforts with the lazo had cut much of the foliage from the tree, leaving a clear range between us; "Shall I drop a bullet into him?" I inquired, and hardly waiting for Don Domingo's assent, for the

suspense was unendurable, I covered carefully close behind the fore-arm, and pulled trigger; at the shot the puma sprang out into space, the upper branch, cut by the sawing of the lazo, broke off, wrecking half the tree in its fall, and I sprang off into space myself, as the poor brute swung past me, turning round like a gigantic joint on a spit, curled up into a ball, and clawing convulsively at his throat with his hind feet; the loop of the lazo was round his neck, but had also caught one of the forepaws, otherwise the jerk as he came down, might have been mercifully fatal.

I should have thought there was something positively heroic in killing a *Leopardus concolor* of about one's own size and weight, but I would not do it again, at close quarters, for all the copper mines in the country he inhabits. I emptied two chambers into his ear, and felt like a criminal.

Night fell upon Don Domingo pegging down the puma-skin to dry and stretch; it was the only unattached skin in camp, but we were too fagged out with fatigue and excitement to miss our accustomed luxuries; there was "ample room and verge enough" in the long grass, and I seemed to have slept for hours; a benevolent looking old gentleman was dozing on the fork of a tree with a lazo round his neck, a large puma, curled up in an arm-chair in front of the fire was taking steady aim at him with a crumpled copy of the *Times*; all things were mixing up in delicious confusion, when, as usual, Mike, the inevitable:

"Say, Boss!"

"Er—"

"Old Man!"

"Eh?"

"If the varmint hadn't been so fat and chock-full of cat's-meat, we'd ha' had a different guess-yarn to spin when we get home, shouldn't we?"

"Ugh-h—"

F. H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GRATUITOUS TUITION IN SWIMMING.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—The recent cases of drowning are sufficient to make parents think seriously of having their children taught swimming. Why they pay the *eleeteras* of a school bill *minus* this important item can scarcely be understood, and why every moderate-sized boarding-school is without a plunge bath (if even so small as those in Endell-street), I cannot understand. In the winter season it could be used as a covered playground or lecture-room. If this expense is too much, a "tuition tank" could be erected for about £50, in which every child could be taught in the routine of the school, as it does not require a champion to impart this knowledge. The City is sadly deficient of baths, which deficiency we are trying to remedy by a scheme to build one in Finsbury-square, as well as eight others in different parts. We are compelled to do this, having signally failed to persuade the City authorities to do so, although we have laid plans well-matured before them for this purpose; therefore all those who will aid us can have the particulars at this address. We shall continue to give gratuitous tuition to all sending me a stamped and directed envelope, or advise those who can afford to pay for tuition.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

J. GARRATT ELLIOTT,

Hon. Sec. London Swimming Club.

14, Finsbury-square, Aug. 20th, 1879.

SPORTING AND SOCIAL RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD.

SIR,—Middle-aged noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom have sons at Oxford at the present day, doubtless look back with fond regrets to the happy days spent at their *alma mater*, and when they hunted in turn with Mr. James Morrell, the great brewer and popular Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds thirty years ago and less, and with Mr. J. J. Phillips and the South Oxfordshire pack, or rode over to Woodstock or Abingdon, and "spooned" with a pretty barmaid, &c. How quickly the years have slipped away since the host of the Mitre, in the High-street, used to lounge outside his premises in conversation—"horsey," I'll be bound—with some "hail fellow, well met," recounting the salient features of the last run with hounds, or discussing the latest odds about the next big race. If he doesn't mind he'll rub his long arm against the bloody nose of that red deer hanging outside the fish and game shop close by. Venables was a leading name among the Oxford upper class tradesmen in those days. There was Venables the gunmaker, who supplied the "scouts" with old double-guns and rifles for undergraduates to practice at the "Weirs" in the Berkshire meadows; then there was Venables the saddler, and lastly there was the worthy host of one of the best patronised hotels in "the city of palaces." Ah! here comes along old Mr. Morrell, with his blue eye-preservers on, and mounted on a strong bobtail cob, with a couple of greyhounds very likely at the animals' heels, bound for a course or two at Witham or Tubney. The late venerable Earl of Abingdon hearing the O.B.H. running their fox in the small plantations near the mansion on the very Saturday that an Italian named Kalabergo was hanged on Oxford Castle for the murder of his uncle at Banbury. Mr. Morrell hunted his hounds that day, mounted on his big white horse Memnon, and they found their fox in a small cover in the middle of a field, and got him into and about Witham. I was not close enough to notice the familiar twinkle in the eyes of the old earl, as he stood there listening to the music of the running hounds, dressed in black knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes, and a frilled shirt, &c., but I ha' often seen that same humorous "twinkle" light up his lordship's eyes when in conversation with old pals at the Divisional Sessions on Saturday, when the Right Hon. J. W. Herley (late father of the House of Commons) would come to Oxford from London or from his seat at Waterperry. Some rare sport was shown by Mr. Morrell and also by Squire Phillips (a lightish weight, like Mr. Garth) before Radley College was built and "blest" by the great Samuel Wilberforce, bishop, and when Dean Gaisford was yet alive, and even the venerable Dr. Roath, of Maudlin College, too; Dr. Macbride, Maudlin Hall; Dr. Wyn-ter, St. John's; Dr. Harrington, Brasenose; and Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Jeune had raised Pembroke to a very distinguished position. All of these and many more have passed over to the majority, and Frances Countess Waldegrave, too, who was in those days the veritable "light" of Nuneham, and Mr. Harcourt, M.P., represented Oxfordshire in conjunction with Mr. Henley and Lord Norreys. It was only the other day that a great grand-daughter of the old Earl already mentioned had joined hands with a Howard. What could be fitter than an alliance of a Bertie with a Howard, or the distinguished head of one branch of the Herberts with another Howard? The late owner of the famous Strawberry-hill Villa was a wonderful woman in many respects, and who could reasonably have thought when the Countess Frances Waldegrave and her mounted party from Nuneham reached the best part across the High-street, Oxford, that she was yet destined to please the Irish people of

all classes by becoming a Chief Secretary's wife? She was beloved by all—by none more so than the poor people on her Somersetshire estates. Truly fact is far stranger than fiction—and so is this singular romance of the Peerage. F.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. WATKINS (King's Heath).—Your solution of Problem No. 241 is correct. W. G. H. (Rugby).—You have mistaken the nature of the puzzle. You give White two moves and Black one, whereas White is to make but one move and give mate thereon, Black not moving at all. The puzzle was thus worded—"White having moved last, to retract his move and mate." G. L. BROOKS (New Southgate).—Your solution of Problem No. 241 (E. J. L.'s puzzle) is correct. F. ELLEN (Newport).—We have forwarded to you the desired information. It was published on the 23rd inst. J. W.—As to Problem No. 243, see our answer above to W. G. H. The Solution of Problem No. 243, by J. G., Juvenis, R. J. Fowler, and Pythian (Notting-hill), is correct. H. E. ORMEROD (Temple).—Your Solution of Problem No. 243 is correct; we quite agree with you as to its being a most original and ingenious composition. We are glad to find E. J. L.'s puzzles so thoroughly appreciated by you and other competent critics.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 243.

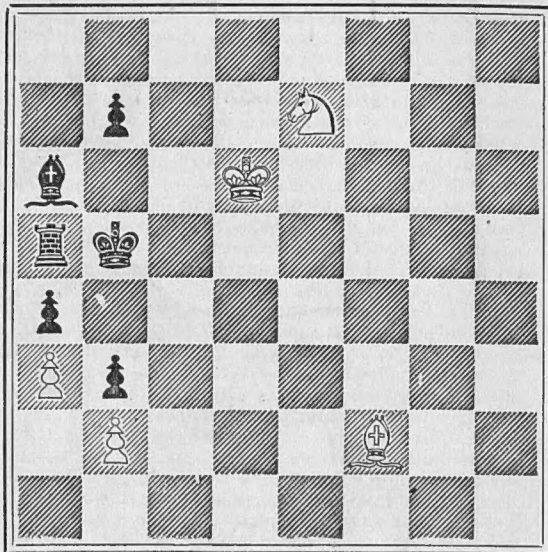
White's last move must have been R (from Q B 5) takes Kt at Q 5, whereas he might have mated by moving Rook to Q B 4.

The following beautiful end-game has been kindly presented to us by its distinguished composer:—

PROBLEM No. 245.

By B. HORWITZ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following neat little game was played a few weeks ago in a tourney at Mephisto's Rooms:—

[Guioco Piano.]			
WHITE. (Mr. S.)	BLACK. (Mr. F. W. Lord).	WHITE. (Mr. S.)	BLACK. (Mr. F. W. Lord).
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Q to B 3	R to Kt 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	14. Q to Kt 3 (d)	Q to B 3
4. P to Q 3	Kt to B 3	15. P to K B 3 (e)	Kt to Q 5
5. P to K R 3 (a)	P to Q 3	16. P takes B	Kt to K 7 (ch)
6. P to R 3	P to K R 3	17. K to R 2	Q takes R
7. Castles	P to K Kt 4 (b)	18. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
8. Kt to R 2	P to Kt 5	19. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
9. P takes P	R to Kt sq	20. Kt to B 3	Q to B 5 (ch)
10. B to K 3 (c)	Kt takes P	21. K to R sq	Q takes P
11. B takes B	P takes B	22. Q to B 2	Q to R 4 (ch)

(a) A move always to be avoided except when the player has some specific object in view. Here Kt to B 3 is clearly his best course.
(b) Rather venturesome, but Black evidently had a justifiable confidence in his own resources.
(c) Probably his best move; taking R P with B would have exposed his King to a most unpleasant assault.
(d) B takes B P would have involved the loss of the B, as Black would have moved his K to B sq, and captured the B next move.
(e) A weak move; he has apparently no good one; Kt to Q 5 threatens to kill him; and he cannot prevent that move without losing the exchange at least.
(f) Mr. Lord displays no ordinary skill and judgment in his conduct of this game, from first to last.

CHESS CHAT.

Few, perhaps, of my readers are familiar or even acquainted with the name of Mr. John Cazenove; yet he was a notability more than fifty years ago in all chess circles, and to his memory I consider a laudatory notice to be now due.

I believe before I was born he was president of the old London Chess Club, and there proved himself a player of a very high order. He was a master of the principles of chess, and published a little volume of his games, now out of print, which is still highly prized by good judges.

Whilst comparatively a young man, he abandoned chess in order to devote himself to the cultivation of music, in which he soon became a proficient, and rendered no mean service to that sweet art by the active part he took in founding the Philharmonic Society. But in his old age his old love for chess revived, and he resumed the practice of the game; and until the last two or three months of his life he exhibited a skill therein to which, at times, even first-rate players were obliged to succumb. Mr. Cazenove was also a distinguished mathematician, metaphysician, and political economist, numbering amongst his friends and fellow-labourers Malthus, Grote, Ricardo, Senior, and other scientific celebrities. He lived to the great age of 92 years, esteemed and loved by all who knew him.

I am sorry to see that a fierce controversy is now raging between two chess editors. Into the merits or demerits of this dispute I do not purpose entering. But one point therein I must notice and protest against. It appears that the editor of a weekly contemporary had criticised rather sharply, I do not say whether justly or not, the secretary of a recently defunct association, who also happens to be the editor of a monthly magazine. But it was with this gentleman as a secretary, not as an editor, that fault was found. Thereupon the secretary falls foul of the critic, publishes his supposed name, and brings against him certain charges, in support of which he has not adduced any satisfactory evidence, or, indeed, any reasonable presumption. Now the secretary had a perfect right to defend himself, but he certainly was wrong, inexcusably wrong, in assigning a name to the writer of the article in question and then publishing it. The article was anonymous, and therefore the assignment and publication of the presumed name of the author is a distinct violation of journalistic etiquette.

The great Anglo-American match was brought to a conclusion

on Monday last, on which occasion Mr. Potter was victorious, and the score then was Mr. Potter 6½, Mr. Mason 6½, and 8 draws. Previously to the last game, both players agreed to divide the honours of the campaign in case Mr. Potter, by a victory raised his score to an equality with Mr. Mason's. This, in my opinion, was a fair arrangement; and I have now only to congratulate both champions upon the harmonious feelings which they exhibited throughout the fight, their chivalrous bearing towards each other, and the happy result in which the contest has terminated.

MARS.

VETERINARIAN.

THE HORSE'S EYE.—CONCLUDED.

Up to this we have gone over curable forms of eye affections, and have pointed out the symptoms by which they can be detected in their earlier stages rather than their means of cure, on account of the intricacy of the subject and the numerous details, placing it beyond the province of the amateur to attempt treatment in all but the simplest cases. We now come to some incurable forms of eye diseases, and in going over them we shall endeavour to point out some conditions which may be alleviated and others in which, not being capable of alleviation, arises the question, Should the remaining eyesight be destroyed? This question seems rather startling at first to those who have not had the matter before them, but there are few practical horsemen who have not at one time or other been made the victims by defective vision. If, for example, a horse have a cataract in one eye, and his other eye is quite sound, his sight is often worse when using both his eyes than when the defective one is shielded or placed beyond the power of seeing. This arises from the fact that the two eyes are inseparably connected when acting together at all. They are not like two hands or two feet. A man may have a broken arm in a sling and do excellent work with the sound arm. The part of the structure fractured in such a case does not weaken and derange the corresponding part in the sound arm as in the case with the eyes. This being so—were horsemen aware of the fact—there are thousands of horses whose services would be infinitely better performed were their defective eyes obliterated by extermination. Judging distances is one of the most important duties of the hunting horse; the safety of himself and rider depends, during a leap, more on his being able to judge his distance from the obstacle and its height than on almost all other circumstances combined. If the sight of one eye is defective and confuses that of the sound eye, correct judgment of distance is impossible, and he would get on infinitely better with only one sound eye. If the reader will close one eye and attempt to touch near objects with his finger he will at first be utterly at sea, but this is only temporary; one eye left to itself soon becomes as correct in judging form and distance as it did when its fellow eye was perfect. Besides, judging distance properly being out of the question with one eye defective, but not altogether blind, we have distortion of objects by the defective eye and the consequent shying. When shying is habitual and steadily persisted in, at all times it almost always arises from defective vision in one or both eyes. The best and most sober of horses sometimes takes a skittish turn and shies at everything during the fit, but this is easily seen to be but a passing mental aberration, annoying enough and dangerous enough while it lasts, and most often occurring in "fresh" horses, but only temporary. A horse who steadily shies all along is either a narrow-faced imbecile, with a weakly, easily excitable, nervous system, or—which is far from common—he has defective vision.

Myopia, or short sight, so curable in man through the facility we have in correcting it by artificial lenses—spectacles—is hopelessly incurable in the lower animals. It may not always remain so; it is possible and very practicable to place lenses as efficiently as we now place leathers in front of the horse's eyes, but, so far, we have no means of judging the correct form of lens. "Buck eyes," as they are called, is the most frequent affection, giving rise to short sight. The front half of the eye (looked at from the side) is seen to be too conical—"conical cornea," the cause of the affection is often called. When such is the case the diameter of the globe from the front to the back is too long, so that rays coming from a distance are brought to a focus before they reach the back of the eye. Of course, there are other causes giving rise to a high refractive power, which causes short sight, but generally in the horse "buck eyes" is the cause, and it is well that this is so, because any ordinary observer can detect it, and avoid buying such a one.

Hypermetropia is the reverse of Myopia. In this the axis of the eye from the front to the back is shorter than it ought to be; or, in other words, the eye has a flattened appearance when viewed from the side. The rays here do not come to a focus at the retina, as the latter is too far forward—too near the front of the eye. This, fortunately, is a very perceptible defect. Both these defects exist through life, but the next:—

Presbyopia, or long sight, is a defect only coming on in advanced life. It rarely commences before the fifteenth year. In this case distant vision is unimpaired, but the eye is unable to discern things nearer hand. In ourselves the first intimation of it is when we are reading. We have to hold the book or the newspaper at arm's length more than formerly. As the affection usually attacks horses which are from other causes almost hors-de-combat, we will not say more than that cataract often takes place, and renders further investigation and doubt impossible.

Amaurosis, or "glass eye," is a common affection in horses, as anyone may observe who visits a second-rate horse fair. Not uncommonly both eyes are affected, and the horse is stone blind, in which case his gait unmistakably discovers his ailment. Amaurosis gives the eye a peculiar glassy appearance, by the pupil of the eye being so wide and fixed. However strong the light, or the reverse of this, the pupil remains fixed. When the disease is only present in one eye the other may be not only quite sound, but have no tendency towards the affection. It is most often, in horses, caused by diseased optic nerve. The affection progresses until the eye obtains a fixed appearance, when vision of the eye affected is quite lost. Horsemen should never buy a horse without seeing that the pupil is freely moveable, or rather, that the iris or "star" of the eye is freely moveable.

Cataract we have dilated upon before, and have laid down simple rules for its detection by amateurs. We only here say of cataract that there are numberless cases in which the safety and well-being of the horse would be much improved if the cataractous eye were removed altogether. There will come a time when veterinarians will remove cataract as surely and safely as it is now done in human beings, but the difficulties to be overcome are these:—In horses, all the muscles which move the eyeball can contract at one time, and thus draw the eyeball bodily inwards when the haw is shot out over the eye. Now, in the more usual operations for cataract the lens is removed through a wound made in front of the eyeball. If when this wound is made the eyeball is squeezed back into the orbit, then the humours of the eye are liable to be squeezed out and the eye ruined. So that until some means can be devised to prevent the eye being thus violently retracted we shall have to suffer

cataract in the horse to go its own sweet way. For two days or so after the wound is made, the eye must not be retracted, so that for two or three days it is essential that one of the commonest habits a horse possesses shall be suspended. These difficulties ought to be overcome, and we are sorry that no veterinarian goes in for a specialty in equine eye diseases. It would yield a rich harvest, and much good could not fail to accrue to all concerned. We repeat that owners need never fear to let enterprising vets. try their hands at cataract, and the more successful they are at destroying the entire vision of the offending member the better. Of course we would have the question of operation based upon the shying propensities it is in contemplation to remove. If the horse has a cataract and does not shy, and can use his sound eye as well as if the fellow eye were sound, we would say let well alone. But when cataract is long in maturing, and remains small for a long time, it interferes gravely with the sight of the sound eye, and a successful utter failure at its removal would be as good a thing as could happen.

We conclude these remarks on the horse's eye by saying that if one or two of the 2,200 vets. in these realms would devote their attention entirely to eye diseases it would be a great boon to the community. There is no department in veterinary surgery more neglected than this, and no department which, if cultivated, would be more remunerative and useful.

ORCHESTRAL SONNETS.

SOME very clever sonnets on the different instruments which go to make up an orchestra are published in the *American Music Trade Review*. The writer has a knowledge of his subject which goes far to compensate for an occasional want of smoothness in the metre, and we think they will be interesting to musical readers:

VIOLIN.

The versatile, discursive violin,

Light, tender, brilliant, passionate, or calm,

Sliding with careless nonchalance within

His range of ready utterance, wins the palm

Of victory o'er his fellows for his grace.

Fine, fluent speaker, polished gentleman!

Well may he be the leader of the race

Of blending instruments—fighting in the van

With conscious ease and fine chivalric speed;

Firmly and surely doth he onward bound,

Rallying his struggling followers in their need,

And spurring them to keep their hard-earned ground,

So the fifth Henry fought at Agincourt,

And led his followers "to the breach once more."

THE VIOLONCELLO.

Larger and more mature, deeper in thought,

Slower in speech and of a graver tone,

His ardour softened, as if years had wrought

Wise moods upon him; living all alone,

A calm and philosophic hermit.

Yet at some feeling of remembered things,

Or passion smothered, but not purged quite.

Hark! what a depth of sorrow in these strings;

See, what a storm grows in his angry breast,

Yet list again, his voice no longer moans,

The storm hath spent its rage and is at rest,

Strong, self-possessed, the violoncello's tones;

But yet too oft, like Hamlet, seem to me

A high soul struggling with its destiny.

THE OBOE.

Now come with me, beside the sedgy brook,

Far in the fields, away from crowded street,

Into the even flowing water look,

While o'er our heads the whispering elm trees meet.

There will we listen to a simple tale,

Of fireside pleasures and of shepherds' loves:

A ready voice, sweet as the nightingale,

Shall sing of Corydon and Amaryliss;

The grasshopper shall chirp, the bee shall hum,

The stream shall murmur to the water-lilies,

And all the sounds of Summer noon shall come,

And mingling in the Oboe's pastoral tone,

Make them forget that man can sigh and moan.

TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES.

A band of martial riders next I hear,

Whose sharp brass voices cut and rend the air.

The shepherd's tale is mute, and now the ear

Is filled with wilder clang than it can bear;

Those arrowy trumpet notes, so short and bright,

The long-drawn wailing of that loud trombone,

Tell of the bloody and tumultuous fight,

The march of victory and the dying groan,

O'er the green fields the serried squadrons pour,

Killing and burning, like the bolts of heaven;

The sweetest flowers, with cannon smoke and gore

Are all profaned, and innocence is driven

Forth from her cottages and wooded streams,

While over all red battle fiercely gleams.

THE HORNS.

But who are these, far in the leafy wood,

Murmuring such mellow, hesitating notes

It seems the very breath of solitude,

Loading with dewy calm the breeze that floats?

They are a peasant group, I know them well,

The diffident, conscious horns, whose muffled speech

But half expresses what their souls would tell,

Aiming at strains their strength can never reach;

An untaught rustic band, and yet how sweet

And soothing comes their music o'er the soul;

Dear poets of the deep, 'tis fit to meet

Your melodies where wild the waters roll.

Reminding us of him who at his plough

Walked with a laurel wreath upon his brow.

"The London Bank and Insurance Club, Limited," is the title under which we are to have a new dining and general club for the use of City men, for whom it will cater in a spirit of completeness and economy altogether novel amongst things of this kind. Ten shillings a year is to be the fee for membership, and the idea is to embody all those privileges and conveniences which make other clubs such very serviceable home-like institutions.

The death of Mr. Sarony, the well-known Scarborough photographer in his fifty-ninth year, is announced. Mr. Sarony's travelling van was once well-known all through the Midland and Northern counties, when it served himself and wife for kitchen, parlour, bedroom, and photographic operating rooms. In it he achieved those successes which laid the foundation of his prosperity.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SCARBOROUGH MEETING.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

The SEASIDE WELTER CUP.—Mr. W. Sanderson's Concord (Collins), 1; Little Bird, 2; Jollification, 3. 9 ran.
The VISITORS' HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Fail's Wild Aggie (Bell), 1; Gloria, 2; Cleopatra, 3. 9 ran.
The PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES.—Mr. J. H. Stephenson's Princess Bladud (Fagan), 1; Ushant colt, 2; Bambola, 3. 6 ran.
The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' PLATE.—Mr. Corder's Oldbuck (Bruckshaw), 1; Druscovich, 2; Bute II., 3. 10 ran.
The NORTH YORKSHIRE HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. Firman's Harpocrates II. (Mr. P. Spence), 1; St. George, 2; Central Fire, 3. 5 ran.
The GASTON HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Hudson's Mrs. Pond (Bell), 1; Looking Glass, 2; Muscatel, 3. 5 ran.

SATURDAY.

The SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Boston's Scottie c (W. Platt), 1; Mysotis colt, 2; Pomper, 3. 10 ran.
The LONDESBOURGH PLATE.—Mr. J. H. Stephenson's Princess Bladud (Fagan), 1; Cornucopia, 2; Miss Emma filly, 3. 5 ran.
The ALEXANDRA HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Trotter's Garterless (Bell), 1; Cleopatra, 2; Chesterfield, 3. 6 ran.
The YORKSHIRE HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. S. Crompton's Tunstall Maid (Mr. Peacock), 1; Arlette, 2; Miss Sykes, 3. 6 ran.
The JUVENILE PLATE.—Mr. Muster's Cousin Sarah (Fagan), 1; Policy filly, 2; Lochiel, 3. 4 ran.
The SCARBOROUGH HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's The Rowan (Collins), 1; Muscatel, 2; Jollification, 3. 6 ran.

WARWICK MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The KENILWORTH MAIDEN PLATE.—Lord Howe's Sparkenhoe (Gill), 1; Hellespont, 2; King Harold, 3. 10 ran.
The FLYING TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. J. Lowe's Elegance (Loates, Meriden), 2; Rina, 3. 4 ran.
The SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Cannon's Knight of Malta (Owner), 1; Cross Tree, 2; Bo Peep, 3. 8 ran.
The LEAMINGTON STAKES.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Oxford Beau (Greaves), 1; The Squeaker, 2; St. Augustine, 3. 10 ran.
The ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. Burton's Zabina (C. Wood), 1; Farnese, 2; Half-caste, 3. 6 ran.
The GRENDON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Madame Eglantine filly (C. Wood), 1; Edmonstone, 2; Minster, 3. 13 ran.
The MILVERTON HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. H. Jackson's Mercia (Mr. W. Holman), 1; Bristol, 2; Zitz, 3. 3 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

A HUNTERS' OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. W. Waller's Agnes Peel (Owner), 1; Bay Malcolm, 2; The Warden, 3. 3 ran.
The STUDLEY CASTLE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Burton's Fallow Deer (Gallon), 1; Wee Lassie colt, 2; Pintail colt, 3. 4 ran.
The WARWICK WELTER CUP.—Mr. C. Archer's Plaisante (F. Archer), 1; Nugget, 2; Pomegranate, 3. 3 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. T. Jennings, jun.'s Paul's Cray (Owner), 1; Mistress of the Robes, 2; Brother to Dukedom, 3. 3 ran.
The JUVENILE SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Lewis's Tempest (Greaves), 1; Vespasia, 2; Lady in Waiting, 3. 6 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Cannon's Larissa (Owner), 1; Bo Peep, 2; Bmcellet filly, 3. 11 ran.
The BOROUGH MEMBERS' WELTER PLATE.—Lord Bradford's Hellespont (Archer), 1; Leith, 2; Pomegranate, 3. 7 ran.

RICHMOND MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The EASY NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Osborne's Evening Chimes (Owner), 1; The Miner colt, 2; Florida filly, 3. 5 ran.
The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' PLATE.—Marquis Talon's Rubicon (Fagan), 1; Selred, 2; Lady Fanciful, 3. 12 ran.
The SELLING STAKES.—Mr. W. Walker's Cariboo colt (Snowden), 1; Vulcanite, 2; Festive, 3. 6 ran.
The RICHMOND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Henderson's Highland Mary (J. E. Jones), 1; Brown George, 2; Minnie Langton, 3. 6 ran.
The RICHMOND CUP.—Mr. D. Shatto's Nellie Macgregor (Collins), 1; Heather, 2; Wandering Willie, 3. 10 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The MEMBERS' HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Bargee (Collins), 1; Minnie Langton, 2; Brown George, 3. 8 ran.
The WRIGHT STAKES.—Mr. W. Hudson's Horizon (J. Osborne), 1; Cariboo colt, 2; Bambola, 3. 4 ran.
The BURTON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Wright's The Prince II. (Morgan), 1; The Miner colt, 2; Dark Palm, 3. 9 ran.
The BELSAY SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Dobbie, jun.'s Rubicon (Bruckshaw), 1; Patrol, 2; Ariel, 3. 12 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. C. Perkins's Roehampton (Snowden), 1; Looking Glass, 2; Grecian Maid, 3. 4 ran.

CURRAGH MEETING.

TUESDAY.

SCURRY HANDICAP STAKES.—Mr. W. Dunn's Cimaroon (J. Connolly), 1; La Fiancee, 2; Squaw, 3. 8 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Lord Drogheda's Philamon (J. Macdonald), 1; Tom Thumb, 2; Athy, 3. 4 ran.
The ANGLESEA STAKES.—Mr. C. J. Blake's Sybil (Barker), 1; Helen Mar, 2; Miss Kate, 3. 9 ran.
The FLYING STAKES.—Mr. Blake's Castle Lucas (P. Behan), 1; Vine Leaf, 2; Socrates, 3. 8 ran.
The KILDARE HANDICAP PLATE.—Shinglass (P. Behan), + 1; Solver, + 2; Marchioness, 3. 9 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The MARBLE HILL STAKES.—Mr. C. Ryan's Accepted (M. Lynch), 1; Kilmachree, 2; Theophrastus, 3. 5 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. Connolly's Tom Thumb (J. Connolly), 1; Sisyphus, 2; Matilda, 3. 3 ran.
EASTERN HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Cassidy's Miser (Kenny), 1; Madame du Barry, 2; Catpaw, 3. 11 ran.
NURSERY HANDICAP STAKES.—Sir W. Nugent's Gurteen (M. Lynch), 1; Lord Rosse, 2; Prairie Bird, 3. 10 ran.
STAND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Stokes's Valentine (Walsh), 1; Mrs. Bagot, 2; Artas, 3. 7 ran.

THURSDAY.

The STEWARD'S PLATE.—Mr. R. M. Delamere's Breda colt (Whelan), 1; Catpaw, 2; The Squaw, 3. 6 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Lee's Marchioness (T. Broderick), 1; Solace, 2; The Squaw, 3. 4 ran.
The RAILWAY STAKES.—Sybil, 1; Aegeus, 2; Accepted, 3. 14 ran.
The CURRAGH PLATE.—Refuge, 1; Socrates, 2; Illimus, 3. 11 ran.

DERBY MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The BRADESERT WELTER PLATE.—Mr. F. Archer's Claymore (Owner), 1; Concord, 2; Antelope, 3. 7 ran.
The MEYNELL PLATE.—Mr. Kluckenbergs's Merry England (Lowe), 1; Wentworth, 2; Katerfelto, 3. 10 ran.
The ELVASTON CASTLE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Hibbert's Play Rough (Greaves), 1; Alfred the Good, 2; Selred, 3. 6 ran.
The DEVONSHIRE NURSERY PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Sanders's Maid of Orleans (H. Jeffrey), 1; Brown Tom, 2; Death or Glory, 3. 10 ran.
The DERBYSHIRE PLATE.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Bay Cardinal (Bell), 1; Lorna Doone, 2; Runnymede, 3. 12 ran.
BRETTY PLATE.—Too Late, 1; Martha Millwood, 2; Fairyform colt, 3. 7 ran.
WATER PARK HURDLE.—Whim, 1; King of Launde, 2; Anchorite, 3. 8 ran.

CROYDON MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The NORWOOD HANDICAP was declared void.
The MAIDEN TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. Price's Christina filly (Harding), 1; Ocean Queen, 2; Sunbright, 3. 6 ran.
The WOODSIDE PLATE.—Colonel Byrne's Financier (A. Hall), 1; Saphira, 2; Yule Star, 3. 13 ran.
The SELLING NURSERY.—Mr. J. Foy's Sigebert (Mordan), 1; St. Ann, 2; Request, 3. 8 ran.
The SHIRLEY PLATE.—Mr. P. Price's Christina filly (Jessop), 1; Cremation, 2; Will, 3. 4 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Brown's Calabria (Barlow), 1; Wild Lyon, 2; Wellington, 3. 6 ran.

SOUTHEAST REGATTA came off on Wednesday. A LARGE portion of Lord Skelmersdale's pure-bred shorthorns were sold by auction on Wednesday last.

THE Universities Co-Operative Association, Limited, originated under the title of the Clergy Co-Operative Association, also limited, has commenced business on the site of the old St. Martin's Hall, which afterwards gave place to the Queen's Theatre, the entrance hall and staircases of which are still preserved. It has many novel features, rendering it so largely an object of general interest that in our issue of the 20th inst. we shall make room for an illustrated descriptive article thereupon.

A QUEER STORY OF COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.

THE following story is told of Count Schouvaloff, the well-known Russian Ambassador, who at one time filled a high position in the Imperial Detective Police. In 1864 Count Schouvaloff held the same position as that now occupied by General Drenteln, whose assassination was attempted by the Nihilist agents. In that post he had, at certain periods of the year, large drafts of money granted to him from the Imperial Treasury with which to pay the secret and other police under his orders. These drafts, when received, he was in the habit of taking to the house of the famous banker, Baron Stieglitz, to be cashed. Upon one of these occasions he had received the regular draft, the amount being 240,000 roubles, which sum was to be disbursed among his men, in various amounts. As the amounts to be paid away varied very much, it was necessary to obtain the payment of the draft in notes of both large and small amounts. To collect the required amount the banker requested the Count to call in a short period, when the money would be sorted and ready for his receipt. On this particular occasion it was agreed that Count Schouvaloff should call at or shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon. These visits of the chief of the detective police to the rich banker's had long been regarded by the light-fingered brethren of St. Petersburg with eyes of envy, as it was well-known to them that on these visits large sums of money changed hands.

The arrangement which had been made between the Count and the banker had been overheard by an attentive accomplice, and they determined to now make a bold stroke for the money. Shortly before the appointed time of the transfer of the money the bank doors opened and in walked a gentleman, to all appearances Count Schouvaloff, wearing the official uniform—in walk, manner and voice the exact counterpart of the chief of police. The required notes had been carefully counted and arranged, and directly on application of the supposed Count Schouvaloff they were handed over with the utmost confidence, and the receipt tendered by the pseudo Count.

The bank clerk who attended him to the door, and handed to his official custody the precious package, saw a carriage—in every point the counterpart of the well-known official equipage. The servant, the horses, even the fittings, were well known to him as those of the chief of the police, and not one iota of suspicion entered the head of the bank authorities, as with a graceful bow the supposed august personage took his departure.

Some twenty minutes after the departure of the supposed official, the bank doors again swung open, but this time to admit the real Count Schouvaloff, who at once advanced to the bureaux to demand the money for the Treasury draft.

On the application being made, both banker and clerks were dumbfounded.

"The money, your Excellency! Why you received it but half an hour ago, and here is your receipt!"

Count Schouvaloff saw at once he had been robbed, and cleverly robbed too, and his acute intellect told him that not a moment was to be lost. Assuming a thoughtful attitude for a few seconds, he replied, in a quiet and composed manner—"Ah! yes! how thoughtless of me; I quite forgot it," and with some short apologies he left the bank.

Among the Russian police, both public and private, it is a standing order to note every movement of the chief of the department, in order that, should he be required, he can at any moment be found.

Leaving the bank, Count Schouvaloff accosted the first of his men, and inquired: "Did you see me pass this way half-an-hour ago?" The man, who had, like the banker and clerks, been deceived by the pseudo Count, replied at once, "Yes; you left the bank, and drove to the right." A second man gave further aid, and so a third and fourth, until at last the Count learnt that he (in duplicate) had been seen to enter an hotel in a side street, and send away his carriage.

Entering the hotel the Count accosted the landlord with some ordinary question of the day, and, while thus engaged, one of the waiters entered and started aghast to see the Count talking to his master. "Why do you start?" asked Count Schouvaloff. Replied the waiter, "I have only just left your Excellency at dinner in No. X., and here I find you talking to Monsieur."

Schouvaloff had now the required information, and he at once entered the apartment indicated by the waiter, and was brought face to face with his duplicate, who, with his assistant, were just refreshing themselves prior to a journey to lands far distant. On the side table was a black bag containing the nicely-sorted notes, and the wardrobes of these would-be officials. The Count saluted his double with a hearty welcome, allowed him to finish the meal which he had so ably earned, and then both he and his friend were provided, at Government expense, with tourist tickets to Siberia. Their friends have ceased to expect their return.

The fortieth annual show of the Cheshire Agricultural Society was opened this week on the Roodee, at Chester. The entries, taken as a whole, were in excess of those of the show of 1878. There were:—horses, 139; cattle, 79; sheep, 87; pigs, 52; seeds, 6; carriages, &c., 45; and implements, 43. The amount of the prizes offered by the society was over £600, which included £165 which the local committee had given out of the sum of £420 which they had collected.

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Continuation of (Messrs. Tattersall's) Horse Auctions.

The Property of Mr. F. Carr.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Vanderdecken out of a Victorious Mare, out of Dalham's dam by The Marquis—foaled April 25, very promising.

The following Yearlings with their engagements, the property of Mr. Henry Smallwood.

CHESNUT COLT by Andred (dam foaled 1874) by Cathedral out of Empress (the dam of York and Ebor), by King Tom. No engagements.

BAY FILLY, by Vanderdecken, out of Empress (the dam of York and Ebor). No engagements.

BAY COLT by Syrian out of Queen of York (St. Helen's dam) by The Marquis.

BAY FILLY by Syrian out of St. Helens by Cathedral. Engaged in the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft and 3 only if declared &c., with 500 added at York, 1880.

*PRINCE PAUL by P. Charlie out of Fanscombe (Knight of Burleigh's dam) by Thormanby out of Going (sister to Kettledrum) by Ratanaplan out of Hybla (Minceat's dam) by The Provost—dam Otisina (sister to Lanercost).

The following YEARLINGS, with their engagements the property of Mr. T. Bromwich.

CRACKLE, a chesnut colt (foaled 15th May) by Thunderer (son of Homily) out of Revived by Mogador her dam Rosalita by Pelion out of Rosary by Touchstone—Crucifix by Priam (foaled May 15, 1878).

BAY COLT (half brother to Mayfield, winner of the Town Plate at Lewes) by King Lad out of Pimpel by Sweetmeat out of Cicatrix by The Doctor.

BAY COLT by Barefoot out of Matrimony (dam of Hymen) by Magnus out of Niobe by Bay Middleton out of Broken Hearted Lady by Sir Hercules.

BAY COLT by General Peel out of Beatrice (dam of Prestonpans) by Voltigeur out of Bribery by The Label.

BAY COLT by Thunderer out of Lady Kars by Mogador out of Belle of Kars (dam of Winchelsea) by Knight of Kars her dam Perfidious by Lanercost.

CHESNUT COLT by John Davis out of Vocalist by Trumpeter dam by Defender or Mountaineer out of Concealment by Velocipede.

BROWN FILLY by John Davis out of Saltire by The Duke out of Cherwell (dam of Somerset and Coventry) by Oxford.

BAY FILLY by King Lad out of Time Test (dam of Victor Emanuel) by Saunterer out of Tested by Touchstone.

The property of J. Gregory Watkins, Esq., Woodfield Droitch.

YEARLINGS, &c.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY, by Distin out of Victoria Peel (dam of Lindisfarne), her dam Vain Glorious, sister to Victorious by Newminster (foaled January 17th).

BLACK YEARLING COLT by Distin out of Sally Black by Cathedral her dam Sally (Horror's dam) by Ithuriel (foaled February 10th).

BAY YEARLING FILLY by Distin out of Clever Blink by Blinkhoolie her dam by West Australian out of Haxby's dam by Jeremy Diddler (foaled March 17th).

CHESNUT YEARLING FILLY by Cardinal York out of a mare by Distin out of The Selected by Umpire her dam Smut by Womersley (foaled April 14th).

CHESNUT FILLY 2 years old by Distin out of Proficient by Lecturer her dam Lady of the Lake (sister to Wingrave) by King Tom (foaled January 24th).

LADY ELIZABETH DISTIN (sister to Lizzie Distin) 4 years old by Distin out of Lizzie by Theon her dam Velure by Muley Moloch out of Zanana by Sultan (put to Knight of the Garter, May 26th).

BROOD MARES AND FOALS.

SAPPHO by Kingston (dam of Arbitrator by Umpire also of Euterpe, Fame (now Sapphira), and Charaxus by Distin) out of Sacrifice, by Voltaire out of Virginia by Rowton; put to Distin, April 1st.

MITYLENE, brown filly-foal by Distin out of Sappho (foaled March 25th).

VICTORIA PEEL (dam of Lindisfarne by Distin) by General Peel out of Vain Glorious sister to Victorious by Newminster (put to Distin, February 15th).

BROWN COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Victoria Peel (foaled February 7th).

DIVISION, by Dalesman, her dam (1865) by Lord of the Isles out of Splitvote (Bribery's dam); put to Distin, April 30th.

CHESNUT FILLY-FOAL by Distin out of Division (foaled March 28th).

PRODUCT (dam of Requital) by Fairfield Selection (son of Van Galen and Repulse by Stockwell), her dam Production by West Australian out of The Farmer's Daughter by Muley Moloch; put to Distin, May 22nd.

BROWN COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Canarina (foaled April 26).

BAY COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Glacis by Walkington her dam Fortress by Knight of Kars out of Facine by Melbourne (foaled February 16).

BAY COLT-FOAL by Distin out of Cosetto (dam of several winners) sister to Miss Hawthorn by King Tom (foaled February 27).

CHESNUT FILLY FOAL by Distin out of Proficient by Lecturer, her dam Lady of the Lake (sister to Wingrave) by King Tom (foaled January 27).

The property of the Earl of Feversham.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Knight of the Garter out of Phantom Sail.

CHESNUT YEARLING FILLY by Lowlander out of Queen of Diamonds by King of Trumps.

BAY COLT, 2 years old, by King Lad out of Phantom Sail by the Flying Dutchman; warranted untried.

To Dissolve a Partnership.

YEARLING FILLY by Favonius out of Carnage, by Gladiator, her dam, Battaglia, by Ratanaplan.

GUNTELL, 2 yrs old, by Caterer out of Lady Bird, by Newminster.

FRANCISCAN.

CASTLE BLAIR, a chesnut horse (foaled 1873) by Blair Athol out of Ladybird, by Newminster.

The property of a Gentleman.

FAMINE (foaled 1860), by Daniel O'Rourke, dam by Pyrrhus the First, Comus—Oiseau—Annie Maria; covered by Paul Jones.

YEARLING FILLY, by Cardinal York, out of Famine.

THURSDAY.

The GIBSIDE PARK STUD YEARLINGS, with their engagements.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Dissipation, by Fazzoleto.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Fair Alice (Ravelston's dam) by Bel Demonio her dam Flora by Knight of Kars out of Florence by Velocipede.

CHESNUT COLT by Leolinus out of Queen Bee by Kettledrum her dam Honey Bee by King of Trumps out of Sister to Newminster.

BAY FILLY by Exminster out of Queen of the May by King of Trumps her dam Lady Hawthorn by Windhound out of Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch.

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements the property of Mr. Robert Harrison.

BAY FILLY, by King Lud, out of Anne Boleyn by Y. Melbourne.

BAY COLT by Lecturer, out of Florence Aislabie (dam of Louise of Lorne, Helena, &c.).

BAY FILLY, by Albert Victor out of Timaru (the dam of Robin, Leven and all her produce are winners) by Newminster.

With their engagements, the property of Mr. Henry A. Harrison.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Newland out of Stella by High Treason (Glenara's dam) her dam Gilt-nook by Lambton (Newland by Lambton out of Orest's dam).

BAY TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLY by Pero Gomez out of Timaru by Newminster (dam of Robin and Leven) her dam Timandra by Voltigeur; no engagements and warranted unbroke.

The property of Mr. Alexander Young and Mr. Thomas Crags.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Cowslip (dam of Sweet Violet, &c.)—foaled March 6th; no engagements.

GREY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Sweet Violet by Voltigeur (foaled March 8 first foal); no engagements.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Energetic (dam of Mr. Dodd and Emmanuella) by Lord Lyon out of Perseverance (dam of Akbar and Perse) by Voltigeur (foaled April 10).

BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Bonnie Roe (dam of South Bank, Carter King, and Oldbuck) by Thormanby (foaled January 25); no engagements.

To be seen at Mr. Somerset's Paddocks (far side).

Without reserve, and with their engagements, the **MOORLANDS STUD YEARLINGS**.

BROWN FILLY by Speculum out of Produce (the dam of Lanette) by Thormanby.

BAY COLT (brother to Advance) by Speculum out of Progress by Thormanby.

BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Jung Frau (dam of Wizard, Teuton, and Schiller) by The Flying Dutchman.

BAY FILLY (sister to Memoria and Telescope) by Speculum out of Remembrance.

BROWN FILLY (sister to Cornucopia) by Speculum—Crown by Trumpeter.

BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Leah by 'St. Albans—Jerusalem by Jericho—Selina by Orlando.

Also, to defray expenses (unless paid before Sept. 11).

BLACK FILLY by Vanderdecken, dam by Teddington out of Tidy by Faugh-a-Ballagh; no engagements.

The property of Captain F. Thompson.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Speculum out of Auchanfree (dam of Lady Mary, Lorgnette, Highland Mary, and Robbie Burns).

The property of a Gentleman.

BANBURY BUN, a bay colt by Macaroni out of Little Agnes (the dam of Wild Agnes and Tib-thorpe).

SIR MARMADUKE, a chesnut colt by Macaroni out of Belle Agnes by King Tom out of Little Agnes.

AGNES ETHEL, a brown filly by Galopin out of Agnes Sorel by King Tom out of Miss Agnes.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. Richard Botterill:—

- LOWLAND FLOWER**, a chesnut filly by Lowlander out of True Blue by Oxford out of Similax by Windhound out of Castaside by Mameluke or Camel.
- LOWLAND QUEEN**, a bay filly by Lowlander out of Honeycomb (dam of Majesty) by Kettledrum out of Honeydew (own sister to Newminster) by Touchstone out of Beeswing by Dr. Syntax.
- LORD OF THE VALE**, a bay colt by Lowlander out of First Fruits by General Williams, her dam by Emilion, great grandam by Sheikh—Young Blacklock—Trump—Hambledonian, &c.
- LADY SPRIGHTLY**, a brown filly (own sister to Little Duck) by Mandrake out of Lady Temple by Newminster out of Chamade by Rataplan, her dam Peggy Musjid's dam) by Muley Moloch out of Fanny by Jerry, &c.

With engagements, the property of Mr. Crowther Harrison.

LOWLAND CHIEF, a chesnut colt by Lowlander out of Bathilde (winner of the Cambridgeshire) (dam of Matilda, Cream Cheese, and Zanoni, all winners; and Tomahawk, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, and ran third in the Grand Prize of Paris) by Stockwell.

Mr. Cookson's **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements.

- CHESNUT FILLY** by Pell Mell out of Lassie, by Blair Athol her dam Cetus by Newminster out of Ayacora by Birdcatcher out of Pocahontas (a first foal).
- BAY FILLY**, by Athelstone out of Athenais by Blair Athol her dam Thais by Chanticleer out of Thyrne by Touchstone.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Leolinus out of Gratinska by Macaroni her dam Klarinska (dam of Polonaise, Skotzka, and Ryerski).
- BAY FILLY** by Kaiser out of Jenny Diver (dam of Palm Flower, Oasis, and the Jenny Diver filly) by Buccaneer.
- BROWN FILLY** by Speculum out of Bicycle (dam of Solitaire and Spinster) by Blair Athol, grandam Terrific by Touchstone.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Hermit out of Lady Audley (dam of Pilgrimage) by Macaroni out of Secret by Melbourne.
- BAY COLT** by King of the Forest out of Metheglin her dam Hybla (dam of Minicemeat (winner of the Oaks) and of Kettledrum (winner of the Derby)).
- BROWN COLT** by Speculum out of Strategy by Adventurer out of Minerva by Stockwell; Strategy is the dam of Second Sight (winner of the Anglesey's) of Madame Du Barry (winner of the Irish Derby) and of Richelieu and Catspaw (also winners in Ireland).
- BROWN COLT** by Athelstone out of Peeress (dam of Peerage) by The Earl out of Perea by Voltigeur out of Peri by Birdcatcher.

To be seen at Mr. Somerset's Boxes, near the Sale Paddock.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. John Trotter.

- BAY COLT** (own brother in blood to K.G.) by Knight of the Garter, out of Mal-a-propos, by De Clare out of Kitten by Foxberry (by Voltaire) out of Valeria, by Carew out of La Valiere by Cain.
- CHESNUT COLT** by King Lud out of Schehallion (Palmboarer's dam), by Blair Athol out of Lady Tatton by Sir Tatton Sykes out of Fair Rosamond by Inheritor out of Maid of Avenel by Waverley.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Andred out of Mineralogy by The Miner out of Kitten (see above).

Mr. Cholmley's **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements.

- BROWN FILLY** by Knight of the Garter, out of Lories (dam of Lowther, Lozenge, &c.) by Codrington, her dam Nutmeg by Nutwith out of Macromma (sister to Green Mantle) by Sultan.
- BAY FILLY** by Knight of the Garter out of Venus (h-b) (a dam of Vivian, Langar, &c.) by Orpheus (brother to Marsyas), her dam Bonzella (dam of Adonis) by Record out of Donna (dam of The Don, Hexgrave, &c.) by Slight-of-hand out of Doncaster (dam of Alfred Tennyson) by Langar out of sister to Hexgrave (h-b) by Filho-da-Puta.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander out of Kate (untried mare) by Hubert (by Stockwell out of Sister to Newminster) her dam Venus (h-b) by Orpheus. See last lot.
- BROWN COLT** by Speculum out of Carnation (untried mare) by Angelus (son of Orpheus) her dam Carry by King Caradoc out of Barbara Bell by Hampton; no engagements.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander out of Eurydice (dam of Safeguard, &c.) by Orpheus (brother to Marsyas) her dam Susanna by Safeguard (son of Defence) out of Sarah Rebecca (own sister to Cinizelli) by Touchstone; no engagements.
- BLACK COLT** by Lowlander out of Polka (untried mare) by Hubert (by Stockwell out of Sister to Newminster) her dam, Polly Plush by Orlando out of Plush (dam of the Beadle, &c.) by Menipotentiary.

The following **YEARLINGS**, the property of a Gentleman.

- CHESNUT FILLY** by Doncaster out of Czarina by King Tom, her dam Mrs. Lincoln by North Lincoln out of King Alfred's dam by Bay Middleton, her dam West Country Lass by Venison out of Margelina by Whisker; second foal.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Victorious out of Lady Sophia by Stockwell, her dam Frolic by Touchstone, grandam by The Saddler out of Stays by Whalebone.
- BAY COLT** by King Lud out of Princess (dam of King Victor) by Promised Land, her dam Vera by Touchstone out of Muscovite's dam by Camel.
- A CHESNUT FILLY** by Dutch Skater out of Miss Winkle (dam of Winkle, La Rosee, &c.), by Newminster, her dam The Belle by Slane out of Miss Fairfield, by Hampton.
- BAY FILLY**, by Dutch Skater, out of Mrs. Wolfe (dam of Red Riding Hood, Lupa, &c.), by Newminster, her dam Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes.
- BAY FILLY**, by Dutch Skater out of Gamos (winner of the Oaks), by Saunterer, her dam Bess Lyon, by Longbow out of Daughter of Toscar, by Bay Middleton.
- BAY FILLY** by Thunderbolt out of Miss Saurin, by Colsterdale, her dam Lady Abbess by Surplice, grandam Lady Sarah, by Velocipede out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp.
- BAY FILLY** by Henry out of Lady Mary (dam of Hazley) by Wild Dayrell her dam Theresa by Touchstone out of Olga by Charles XII. her dam Fair Helen by Pantaloon.
- BROWN FILLY** by Henry out of Queen of Naples by Macaroni her dam Vlie by Zuyder Zee out of Queen of Beauty by Melbourne her dam Birthday by Pantaloon.
- BLACK COLT** by Carnival out of Antelope (Shallow's dam) by The Fallow Buck.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Favonius out of Ethel (dam of Lady Kew, &c.) by Ethelbert dam by Orlando.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Favonius out of Bawbee by Beadsman.

With engagements, the property of Mr. H. W. White.

SURF, a Bay Yearling Filly, by Lifeboat dam by Joskin, out of Queen Elizabeth (sister to Plebeian)—first-foal.

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements, the property of Mr. J. Milner.

CHESNUT FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Lambda (the dam of Nu, Chi, Omega, &c.) by Umbriel—foaled April 23.

BROWN FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Omicron (dam of Pi, Helios, &c.) by Walkington—foaled March 26.

CHESNUT FILLY by Vanderdecken out of Pi by Defender (produce untried)—foaled April 20.

Omicron was by Walkington out of Lambda—Pi was by Defender out of Lambda.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. James Snarry.

- CHESNUT COLT** by Speculum out of Lily Agnes by Macaroni (her dam Polly Agnes) by The Cure.
- BAY FILLY** by Macaroni out of Polly Agnes by The Cure, her dam Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. Robert Chilton, Billingham Grange, Stockton-on-Tees.

- BAY COLT** by Moulsey out of Rosamond (dam of Ironstone, &c.) by Voltigeur, her dam Lucy Dashwood by Sheet Anchor out of Patty by Whisker.
 - BROWN COLT** by Macgregor out of Sadie (dam of Capitola, Jenny Mills, Jerry Hawthorn, &c.) by Voltigeur, her dam Julia, by Launcelot out of Miss Nancy by Cain; no engagements.
- On view at Mr. Somerset's paddocks.
- The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, to be sold under Lord Exeter's conditions, the property of the Marquis of Exeter.
- VALLON**, a bay filly by Onslow out of Valley by St. Albans, her dam Vallation by Vedette out of Palmistry, by Slight-of-hand (foaled March 13).
 - VEDETTA**, a bay filly, by Onslow out of a brown mare foaled in 1860 by Vedette, her dam Firmament's dam by Slight-of-hand out of Ellen by Starch (foaled March 1).
 - ALFONSO**, a bay colt by Onslow out of Seville by Birdcatcher her dam Donna Sabina by Don John (foaled February 25th).
 - SYRACUSE**, a bay colt by Onslow out of Catania by Thunderbolt her dam Aetna by Orlando out of Vesuvienne by Gladiator (foaled March 9th).

The property of Mr. A. Bartram, of Little Weston.

CHESNUT YEARLING COLT own brother to Anonyma by Ploughboy, dam by St. Albans (1871) from No Name (late Skiff) by Teddington, her dam Queen of Beauty by Melbourne out of Birthday by Pantaloon. For Anonyma's performances see Racing Calendar, having won at Lincoln, Northampton, Epsom, and Newmarket (beating a field of fourteen others).

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Vanderdecken, out of Bell by Breadalbane—Lady Ravensworth by Voltigeur—Lady Hawthorn by Windbound—Alice Hawthorn by Muley Moloch, &c.

Without reserve, and with their engagements, the following **YEARLINGS**, the property of a Gentleman.

GREY FILLY by Strathconan out of Speculation by Speculum, out of Cachuca (dam of Novar, Kady Glenochay, Palpito) by Pandango out of La Victim, by Flatcatcher; foaled April 11; no engagements.

BAY FILLY by Asteroid out of Blackbird (dam of Herzegovina) by Voltigeur her dam Julia by Launcelot out of Miss Nancy by Cain; foaled March 24.

The property of Mr. T. Sims.

BAY YEARLING FILLY by Indian Ocean; dam's pedigree unknown.

The property of Mr. J. Rowlands.

LOONIE, a bay yearling colt by Brown Bread out of St. Catherine by Lord Clifden her dam Julia Peel by Amsterdam out of Fayaway by Orlando out of Boarding-school Miss by Plenipo.

The **WASSAND YEARLINGS**, to be sold without reserve.

- CHESNUT FILLY** by Lowlander out of Pauline by Cock Robin (son of Chanticleer), her dam Polly Plush by Orlando, out of Plush by Plenipo.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Lowlander out of Carnaby by Theobald or Hubert (sons of Stockwell, her dam Wilma by De Clare).
- BAY COLT** by Lowlander out of Nightingale by Hubert, her dam Newtonia by Orpheus.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Lowlander out of Suzanne by Tournament her dam Susanna by Nunnyskirk or Elthron.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Lowlander out of Servia by Cathedral her dam by The Cossack out of Leila by Melbourne—Meeanee by Touchstone.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander out of Bracelet by Angelus her dam Brunette by Codrington.
- CHESNUT FILLY** by Lowlander out of Melissa by Hubert her dam by King Caradoc out of Nutmeg by Nutwith.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander out of Penance (sister to Oona) by The Baron her dam Pelerine by Orpheus out of Pelia by Pelion.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander out of Europa by Ridelman her dam Lucy by Pyrrhus the First.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander dam by The Baron out of Europa by Ridelman.
- BAY FILLY** by The Baron dam by Augur out of Polly Plush by Orlando out of Plush by Plenipo.
- CHESNUT COLT** by Lowlander, out of Hornsea by Volturmo out of Romula.

BROOD MARES and **FOALS** from the Wassand Stud, to be sold without reserve.

- HONEYDROP** (1868) by Colsterdale out of Wax by Surplice with Colt-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.
- SUZANNE** (1866) bred in France, by Tournament out of Susanna by Nunnyskirk or Elthron with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.
- HORNSEA** (1864) by Volturmo out of Romula with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.
- PAULINE** (1865) by Cock Robin (son of Chanticleer) out of Polly Plush by Orlando—Plush by Plenipo with Filly-foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again. This mare is believed not to be in foal; she is quiet to ride and carries a lady.
- CARNABY** (1868) by Theobald or Hubert (sons of Stockwell) out of Wilma by De Clare—Lady Georgina by St. Lawrence, with a colt foal by Lowlander, and covered by him again.
- INGRAITTUDE** (1874) by Typhæus out of Benefactress by Lord Albemarle, with a filly foal by Vespasian, and covered by Lowlander.
- COUNTESS** (1869) by Theobald out of Romula, with a filly foal by The Baron, and covered by Lowlander.
- DANTHORPE** (1872) by Theobald out of Joy by Knight of Kars, with a colt foal by the Baron, and covered by Lowlander.

The property of Mr. H. A. Harrison.

TIMARU (foaled 1865), got by Newminster (dam of Robin and Leven), out of Timandra by Voltigeur, dam of Yorkshire Relish.

PANCAKE a bay colt foal by Albert Victor, out of Timaru—foaled February 23.

Without reserve, the following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. William T. Anson.

- BROWN COLT** by Vanderdecken out of Countess of Westmoreland (the dam of Lady Geraldine, Miss York, &c.) by Melbourne.
- BROWN COLT** by Cremorne out of Caller Ou; foaled April 25.
- CHESNUT COLT** by King Lud out of Peffar by Adventurer her dam Caller Ou foaled May 11).
- BAY COLT** by Cathedral out of Sarcasm by Breadalbane.
- BROWN FILLY** (own sister to Princess Bladud) by King Lud out of Poldoody by Beadsman her dam Caller Ou (foaled May 5).
- BAY FILLY** by Speculum out of Bonny May by Newminster her dam Bonny Bell (foaled January 30).
- GREY FILLY** by Strathconan out of Alice by Birdcatcher, her dam 'Go-a-head (sister to West Australian); foaled April 21.
- BAY FILLY** by Strathconan out of Hoodwink (dam of Machiavelli, Lady Hood, &c.) by Backbiter, her dam Jocose (Macaroni's dam); foaled April 12.

The above Yearlings can be seen during the race week, at Mr. Wilburn's, 6, Wood-street, within three minutes of the Sale Paddock.

FRIDAY.

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements the property of Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe of Baumber Park, Horncastle.

MA BELLE, bay filly (sister to Valentino) by Suffolk out of Mabelle by Exchequer, her dam, Merry Bird by Mountain Deer out of Maid of Tyne by Galanthus (foaled Feb. 7).

PRETTY DANCE, a chesnut filly (sister to Country Dance) by Doncaster out of Highland Fling (winner of many races) by Scottish Chief, her dam Masquerade (dam of Strathflect) by Lambourne out of Burlesque by Touchstone (foaled March 16).

BOADICEA, a bay filly by Suffolk out of Bellone (dam of Strudwicke) by Monarque out of Etoile du Nord by The Baron out of Maid of Hart by The Provost (foaled May 7).

STAMEN, a bay colt (brother to Corolla) by Suffolk out of Fuchsia by St. Albans, her dam Sunflower (dam of Sunbeam, Sunlight, Crocus, &c.) by Bay Middleton (foaled March 25).

PEREGRINE, a brown colt, by Pero Gomez out of Adelaide (dam of St. Hilda, &c.) by Young Melbourne, her dam by Teddington out of Maid of Masham by Don John (foaled March 6).

STRATHLEVEN, a grey colt, by Strathconan out of Isabel by Rataplan, her dam the Belle by Melbourne out of La Bellezza by Emilius (foaled March 28).

LORD MELBOURNE, a brown colt by Young Melbourne out of Gwendoline (dam of Trierman) by Lord Clifden out of Geoffrey's dam by Voltigeur her dam by I. Birdcatcher out of Miss Whip (foaled May 2); no engagements.

MERIDIAN, a bay colt by Merry Sunshine out of Irma by Rataplan her dam Hermione by Kingston out of Venus by Amadis (foaled May 23).

MERRY TUNE, chesnut filly by Merry Sunshine, out of Light Drum (dam of Woodbridge and Merriment) by Rataplan her dam Trinket by Touchwood out of Zisca by Prime Minister (foaled Feb. 9).

ARCOPAGUS a bay filly by Boiard out of Acropolis (dam of Larissa, &c.) by Citadel her dam Cellina by Newminster (this filly to be kept for flat racing only, and to be returned, free from expense and forfeits, not later than 30th November, 1882, to Mr. Taylor Sharpe) (foaled Feb. 18).

The property of Mr. W. B. Proctor.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Suffolk out of Lady Rowena by High Treason her dam Boadicea by Marsyas out of Defenceless (dam of Caractacus, winner of the Derby) by Defence (foaled February 19). No engagements.

The property of Mr. H. J. Bailey, with engagements.

BROWN YEARLING COLT by George Frederick out of Brenda (dam of Schoolboy and Rocket (winner of eight hunters' races last year), by Merryman her dam Auborne by Melbourne out of Latona by Lanercost her dam Lady Stafford by Comus (foaled Jan. 26).

The property of Mr. John Bibby, with engagements.

QUEEN MAB, a yearling filly by Adventurer out of Witchery by Dundee, her dam by The Cure out of Elphine by Emilius.

The property of a Gentleman.

BROWN COLT, 2 years old (unbroke), by Lord Lyon out of Honey Bee, by West Australian, her dam Bonnie Bee, by Galanthus, out of Beeswing (dam of Newminster), by Dr. Syntax.

The following **BROOD MARES**, the property of R. D. Green Price, Esq.

- GOLD DUST**, by Newminster out of Nugget by Melbourne out of Miss Slick by Muley Moloch; covered by Chevron (foaled 1860).
 - COCHINEAL**, by Sweetmeat out of Biddy by Bran her dam Idalia by Peruvian; covered by Cymbal (foaled 1850).
 - DESTRUCTION**, by Victorious out of Rinderpest by Alarm; covered by Thunder.
- They are all believed to be in foal.

The following **BROOD MARES**, the property of the Earl of Scarborough.

- CHARMIONE**, by Orlando, out of Sister to Voltigeur (dam of Strathern, &c.), covered by Silverster (foaled 1858).
- LUFRA**, by Windhound, out of Maud, by Loup Garou, (dam of Lowlander, Midlothian, &c.), covered by Craig Millar (foaled 1860).
- TAPE**, by Crater, her dam Ribbon, by Rataplan, out of Lady Alicia by Melbourne, covered by Strathconan (foaled 1871).
- GAVOTTE**, by Buccaneer, her dam, by Slight of Hand, out of a Mare, by Bay Middleton, covered by Ceruleus.

The property of a Gentleman.

OXFORD MIXTURE, a grey mare (foaled 1870) by Oxford out of Irish Belle by Kingston out of Colleen Dhas by Rust out of Annie by Wanderer covered by Strathconan.

The property of Mr. Thomas Hodgson.

A BAY MARE (foaled 1870) Gowk's dam by Cathedral dam by Lambton out of Maggie (h-b) dam of Activity by Voltigeur; covered by Macgregor.

FILLY-FOAL by Glen Lyon out of Gowk's dam (foaled April 25).

The following **BROOD MARES**, the property of John Trotter, Esq.

- ANGORA**, a chesnut mare by The Miner out of Kitten by Foxberry (by Voltaire) out of Valeria by Carew out of La Valière, by Cain out of Prude by Phantom—Stamford—Hambledonian; covered by Coltness.
- MINERALOGY** (own sister to Angora); covered by Macgregor. This year's foal is dead.
- MAL-A-PROPOS** by De Clare out of Kitten by Foxberry (by Voltaire); covered by Claremont; (foaled 1863).
- SCHIEHALION** (dam of Palmboarer) by Blair Athol out of Lady Tatton by Sir Tatton Sykes out of Fair Rosamond by Inheritor out of Maid of Avenel by Waverley out of Gin by Juniper out of Princess Jemima by Remembrance; covered by King Lud (foaled 1867).
- BAY FILLY FOAL** by Camballe out of Schiehallion by Blair Athol out of Lady Tatton.

The property of a Gentleman.

ANEROID, a bay mare (dam of Innishowen) by Colonist out of Weatherwise by Weatherbit; covered by King of Scots (foaled 1864).

BAY COLT-FOAL by Lecturer out of Aneroid.

The property of a Gentleman.

- PEATHEN** (dam of Rhidorrph and Peacock), by Cotherstone—Prairie Hen, by Stockwell, covered by Speculum (foaled 1860).
- HENLEY** (dam of Regatta) by Oxford—dam by Van Tromp covered by Hampton (foaled 1867).
- LADY ANNIE**, by Caractacus—Lady Abbess, by Surplice, covered by Hampton (foaled 1866).

All three Mares are believed to be in foal.

The property of Mr. H. E. Surtees.

ATHENAS by Blair Athol out of Thais by Chanticleer, grandam Phryne by Touchstone, covered by Mr. Winkle.

CONJUGAL RIGHTS (own sister to Mycenae) by Reconstitution out of Thais by Chanticleer, covered by Queen's Messenger (foaled 1875).

BAY FILLY FOAL by Kingcraft out of Conjugal Rights.

The property of Mr. R. Stirk.

RAPPETTE (dam of Tyro, Bellerby, and Bluebeard), a bay Mare (foaled 1864), by Rapparee (by Rataplan), dam by Inheritor; covered by Mr. Winkle.

THURSDAY NEXT (and every Thursday), at 12 o'clock, at

CAVE'S SALE YARD, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

100 HUNTERS, HACKS, COBS, HARNESS HORSES AND PONIES; also **CART AND VAN HORSES**, the property of different Noblemen, Gentlemen, &c.; including useful Horses from the Railway Companies. By AUCTION.

Stalls must be engaged early.

(The OLD BEARDSWORTH'S YARD. Established 1799.)

OXFORD AND CHELTENHAM COACH.

TO NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, AND OTHERS.

50 VALUABLE HORSES, now working the above Coach, the property of A. W. Craven, Esq., will be SOLD by AUCTION, about the end of September.

Full particulars will appear in future issue.

R. TOMPKINS, Reading, Auctioneer.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Traders, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.



COLTS AND HORSES BROKEN, easy mouthed and temperate, and exercised by using JOCKEY'S of WILHELMSON and GUTTA PERCHA, 70s.; hire 2s. a week. Crib-biting Straps, from 21s. Safety Straps to Reins, 12s.; leg fomenters, from 15s.; Fellock, Speedy Leg, Hook Knee Boots.

BLACKWELL, Saddler, &c., Patentee. 259, Oxford-street. Of all saddlers.

IN LIQUIDATION.—THE STUD COMPANY,
(LIMITED).ABSOLUTE AND UNRESERVED SALE, BY
ORDER OF THE LIQUIDATORS.**MR. RYMILL will SELL by AUCTION** at the PADDOCKS, COBHAM, SURREY, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, September 17th and 18th. Commencing at ONE o'clock, the whole of the following STALLIONS, BROOD MARES and FOALS:—

1. ALGEBRA by Diophantus out of Beatrice; covered by Soapstone.
2. ALVA by Blair Athol out of Touch-Not; covered by Blue Gown.
3. A CHESNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Alva.
4. ANGELICA by St. Albans out of Lady Ann by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.
5. ATALANTA by Thormanby out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Blue Gown.
6. A BAY COLT by Cadet out of Atalanta.
7. ALBATROSS by Buccaneer out of Miss Conyngham; covered by Blair Athol.
8. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Albatross.
9. ARMADA by Buccaneer out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Mortemer.
10. A CHESNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Armada.
11. BLACK ROSE (dam of Bayminster, &c.) by Neasham out of Defenceless; covered by Blair Athol.
12. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Black Rose.
13. BETTER HALF (dam of Beddington, &c.) by Marionette out of Tamara; covered by Blair Athol.
14. BRISBANE by West Australian out of Frenzy; covered by Blue Gown.
15. A BAY COLT by Vedette out of Brisbane.
16. BECKY SHARPE (sister to Buccaneer) by Wild Dayrell her dam by Little Red Rover; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.
17. A BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Becky Sharpe.
18. BIRETTE by the Flying Dutchman out of Amulette; covered by Kaiser.
19. BELLA by Breadalbane out of Armada by Buccaneer; covered by Kaiser.
20. A BAY FILLY by Adventurer out of Bella.
21. BREAD SAUCE by Brown Bread out of Lure by St. Albans; covered by Soapstone.
22. BRISKET by Marsyas or Chattanooga out of Fricandeau; covered by Cadet.
23. BRITISH QUEEN (sister to Claremont) by Blair Athol out of Coimbra; maiden.
24. BYFLEET by Blair Athol out of Armada; covered by Plebeian.
25. CELIBRIMA by Stockwell out of Slander; covered by Wild Oats.
26. CIRCE by Dundee out of Magic by Melbourne; covered by Kaiser.
27. COIMBRA (dam of Glenalmond, Claremont, &c.) by Kingston out of Calcevala; covered by Blair Athol.
28. CRINON by Newminster out of Margery Daw (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.); covered by Blair Athol.
29. CURACOA by The Cure out of Tasmania, by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.
30. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Curacao.
31. CESTUS by Newminster out of Ayacanora; covered by Mortemer.
32. COULEUR DE ROSE by West Australian out of Maria by Harkaway; covered by George Frederick.
33. CATHERINE by Macaroni out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.
34. A BAY FILLY by Blue Gown out of Catherine.
35. CORCYRA by King Tom out of Cerintha by Newminster; covered by Blue Gown.
36. DENTELLE by Trumpeter out of Chiffonnière (sister to Buccaneer); covered by Kaiser.
37. DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE by Stockwell out of Countess of Burlington; by Touchstone; covered by See-Saw.
38. COLT by See-Saw out of Duchess of Devonshire.
39. EVA by Breadalbane out of Imperatrice by Orlando; covered by Wild Oats.
40. A BAY FILLY by Flageolet out of Eva.
41. FROLICOME by Weatherbit out of Frolic by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.
42. FAIRYLAND by Orlando out of El Dorado by Harkaway; covered by Blue Gown.
43. FAIRY QUEEN by Orest out of Queen Mab; covered by Blue Gown.
44. A CHESNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Fairy Queen.
45. FRICANDEAU by Caterer out of The Broom; covered by Wild Oats.
46. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Fricandeau.
47. FREDERICA, by Kettledrum out of Froudeur; covered by Wild Oats.
48. GARRY, The, by Breadalbane out of Restless; covered by Wild Oats.
49. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of The Garry.
50. GARTER QUEEN by Knight of the Garter out of Emma; covered by Cadet.
51. JOCOSA (dam of Sabella, &c.) by Fitz-Roland out of Madame Egline (dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.); covered by Wild Oats.
52. A CHESNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Jocosa.
53. JULIANA by Julius out of Contadina by Newminster; covered by Cremorne.
54. A BROWN FILLY by See-Saw out of Juliana.
55. INVICTA by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster; covered by See-Saw.
56. KATE DAYRELL by Wild Dayrell out of Kate; covered by Craig Millar.
57. KENTISH ROSE by Blair Athol out of Rose of Kent; covered by George Frederick and Wild Oats.
58. A CHESNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Kentish Rose.
59. KOENIGIN DER NACHT by Buccaneer out of Mlle. Cleopatre by Stockwell covered by George Frederick.
60. A CHESNUT COLT, by Blue Gown out of Königin der Nacht.
61. LOVELACE by Sweetmeat out of Phoebe by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.
62. A CHESNUT COLT by Blair Athol out of Lovelace.
63. LUCY BERTRAM by Newminster out of Annie Laurie; covered by Blue Gown.
64. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Lucy Bertram.
65. LADYLIKE by Newminster out of Zuleika; covered by Kaiser.
66. LADY BOUNTIFUL by Ratanaplan out of Plentiful; covered by Kaiser.
67. A CHESNUT FILLY by Carnival out of Lady Bountiful.
68. LADY SALISBURY by Lord of the Isles out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.
69. A CHESNUT COLT by See-Saw out of Lady Salisbury.
70. LADY FLY by Chanticleer out of Tamarind by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.
71. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Lady Fly.
72. LADY LENA by Adventurer out of Summer's Eve by Stockwell; covered by Kaiser.
73. LETTY WEST by West Australian out of Bay Letty; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.
74. LADY SOFFIE by Romulus out of Lady Harriet; covered by Blair Athol.
75. MERLETTE by The Baron out of Cuckoo; covered by Kaiser.
76. MARGERY DAW (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.) by Brocket out of Protection; covered by Craig Millar.
77. MINNA TROIT, by Buccaneer out of Bella-donna; covered by Blair Athol.
78. MOLLY CAREW by Wild Dayrell out of Alma; covered by Kaiser.

79. MATILDA by Orlando out of Tarella; covered by Wild Oats.
80. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Matilda.
81. MARCHIONESS MARIA by Colsterdale out of Princess Maud by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.
82. MYRUS by Stockwell out of Leila by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.
83. A BAY COLT by Plebeian out of Myrus.
84. MADAME ELEGANTINE (dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.), by Cowl, out of Diversion;
85. MARTINIQUE by Macaroni out of Curacao; covered by Wild Oats.
86. A BAY COLT by Mortemer out of Martinique.
87. MASCHERINA by Macaroni or Carnival out of Lorelei; covered by George Frederick.
88. MRS. NAGGLETON by Prime Minister out of Lady Abess by Surplice; covered by Kaiser.
89. MRS. CROFT by Prime Minister out of Mersey; covered by Blue Gown.
90. MASQUERADE by Lambourne out of Burlesque by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.
91. A CHESNUT COLT by Scottish Chief out of Maquerade.
92. MISS LIDA by Newminster out of Sauntering Sally; covered by Craig Millar.
93. A BAY COLT by Flageolet out of Miss Lida.
94. MENACE by Wild Dayrell out of Intimidation by Orlando; covered by Craig Millar.
95. MAID OF PERTH by Scottish Chief out of Lady Dot; covered by Blue Gown.
96. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Maid of Perth.
97. MAY QUEEN by Trumpeter out of May Bell; covered by Blair Athol.
98. A CHESNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of May Queen.
99. MY WONDER by Blair Athol out of Papoose by Newminster; covered by George Frederick.
100. MISS MANNERING by Blair Athol out of Lucy Bertram by Newminster; covered by Kaiser.
101. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Miss Manner-ing.
102. MARY AMBREE by Buccaneer out of Little Hannah; covered by Blair Athol.
103. MUNIFICENCE by Macaroni out of Lady Bountiful; covered by Cadet.
104. MISHAP by Wild Oats out of Lovelace; covered by Kaiser.
105. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Mishap.
106. N.B. by Dundee out of Irish Point (sister to Dalby); covered by Jolly Friar.
107. NOISY, by Y. Trumpeter out of Leda; covered by Cadet.
108. A BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Noisy.
109. NUKHEVA by Neasham out of Typee by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.
110. ORTOLAN by Saunterer out of Swallow; covered by Blair Athol.
111. A CHESNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Ortolan.
112. PAPOOSE by Newminster out of the Squaw; covered by Craig Millar.
113. POLLAS by Weatherbit out of Athena Pallas; covered by George Frederick.
114. PIMPERNEL by Beadsman out of Cavriana; covered by Wild Oats and Blair Athol.
115. PHILLINA by Bonnyfield out of Menandrea by Lord Lyon; covered by Blue Gown.
116. QUEEN OF THE CHASE by Blair Athol out of Nuthush; covered by Wild Oats.
117. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Queen of the Chase.
118. REGINELLA by King Tom out of Flax; covered by Wild Oats.
119. A CHESNUT COLT by Blair Athol or George Frederick out of Reginella.
120. ROSE OF KENT by Kingston out of England's Beauty; covered by Wild Oats.
121. REINE SAUVAGE by King Tom out of Black Rose; covered by Blair Athol.
122. A CHESNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Reine Sauvage.
123. SCOTCH REEL by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade; covered by Craig Millar.
124. FILLY by Blue Gown out of Scotch Reel.
125. STEPPE by Saunterer out of Seclusion; covered by Wild Oats.
126. A BAY COLT by Doncaster out of Steppe.
127. SPOCKHAUSEN by Stockwell out of Ernestine by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.
128. SHEPHERD'S BUSH by Lord Clifden out of The Doorha by The Hermit; covered by Blair Athol.
129. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Shepherd's Bush.
130. SEMIRAMIS by Thormanby out of Souvenir; covered by Craig Millar.
131. ROAN COLT by Wild Oats out of Semiramis.
132. SOUTHERN CROSS by Y. Melbourne out of Urania; covered by Blue Gown.
133. SO GLAD by Gladiateur out of Baroness by Stockwell; covered by See-Saw.
134. SWEET CICELY by Lord Clifden out of Cecilia by Blair Athol; covered by Wild Oats.
135. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Sweet Cicely.
136. SUMMER'S EVE by Stockwell out of Summer-side (winner of the Oaks); covered by See-Saw.
137. TRICKISH by Prime Minister out of Sharp Practice by Voltigeur; covered by Wild Oats.
138. TRUEFIT by Wild Huntsman out of Tension; covered by Blue Gown.
139. A BAY COLT by Springfield out of Truefit.
140. TROMPETTE by Trumpeter out of Court Card; covered by Kaiser.
141. TEA ROSE by Voltigeur out of Hedge Rose; covered by George Frederick.
142. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Tea Rose.
143. VERGISS-MEIN-NICHT by The Flying Dutchman out of Forget-me-Not; covered by Blair Athol.
144. A CHESNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Vergiss-mein-Nicht.
145. VIOLET by Thunderbolt out of Bargain; covered by Blue Gown.
146. A BAY COLT by See-Saw out of Violet.
147. VAGARY by Musjid out of Vaga by Stockwell; covered by Blair Athol.
148. VALCREUSE by Dollar out of Euryanthe; covered by George Frederick.
149. A CHESNUT COLT by Prince Charlie out of Valcreuse.
150. WILD SWAN by Wild Dayrell out of Rara Avis; covered by Blair Athol.

STALLIONS.

151. CADET (1867) by Buccaneer out of Dahlia, by Orlando her dam Peri by Birdcatcher out of Perdita by Langar.
152. CATERER (1859) by Stockwell out of Selina by Orlando, her dam The Lady of Silverkeld Well by Velocipede.
153. WILD OATS (1866) by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn (dam of Reverberation, &c.) by Harkaway her dam by Little Red Rover out of Eclet by Edmund.
154. BLAIR ATHOL (1861) (winner of the Derby and St. Leger) by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny (winner of the Derby and the Oaks) by Melbourne her dam Queen Mary by Gladiateur.

Catalogues may be had on application to Mr. Rymill, Barbican, E.C.; Mr. Kemp, 8, Walbrook; Mr. Waddell, 11, Queen Victoria-street; Mr. Kendrick, 90, Gresham-street; or to Mr. J. Rand Bailey, Solicitor to the Liquidators, 8, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C. The leases and farm stock will be sold at a future date, particulars of which will be duly announced.

SPECIAL TRAINS

Will leave Waterloo for Esher each day at 11.0 a.m., returning at 6.15 p.m., and from London Bridge for Leatherhead at 10.25 a.m., and Victoria at 10.30 a.m., returning at 5.45 and 6.45 p.m.

CARRIAGES

Will be in readiness at Esher Station to convey purchasers to the Paddocks. See reserved carriage enclosure at station.

LEICESTER RACES will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, October 2nd and 3rd, 1879.

Judge—Mr. J. F. Clark. Starter—Mr. T. McGeorge. Handicapper—Mr. W. J. Ford, Nottingham. Clerk of the Course—Mr. Henry Mason, 4, Tavistock-place, Tavistock-square, London, W.C.

* * The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook; or the Clerk of the Course, by Thursday, September 11th, 1879:—

FIRST DAY.

The BILLESDON COPLOW SELLING PLATE of 150 sovs, given by the Race Committee, for all ages; two-yrs-old, 7st 4lb; three, 9st; four and upwards, 9st 10lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; maiden two-yrs-old allowed 3lb, three 5lb, four and upwards 7lb; allowances accumulative; the winner to be sold by auction for 300 sovs; if entered to be sold for 200 sovs allowed 5lb, if for, 100 sovs 10lb; entrance 5 sovs each to the fund; ten subscribers or no race; about five furlongs.

The BELVOIR PLATE of 100 sovs (20 sovs given by His Grace the Duke of Rutland and 80 sovs added by the Race Committee), for horses that have been hunted with any established pack of hounds in the United Kingdom during the seasons 1878-79, certificates must be lodged; four-yrs-old 11st; five 11st 12lb; six and aged, 12st 3lb; a winner of any hunters', flat, or hurdle race value 40 sovs, in 1878 or 1879 to carry 7lb, twice 10lb, thrice 14lb, or of 100 sovs 21lb extra; maiden five-yrs-old and upwards allowed 5lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance 3 sovs, to the fund; two miles on the flat.

The QUORN SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs; two-yrs-old, 7st 4lb; three, 9st; four and upwards, 9st 10lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 500 sovs; if entered to be sold for 400 sovs allowed 3lb; if for 300 sovs 7lb; if for 200 sovs, 14lb; if entered to be sold for 1,000 sovs to carry 14lb extra; entrance 5 sovs each; about five furlongs.

The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs each for starters, with 100 sovs added by the Leicester Licensed Victuallers; a winner after the weights are published () to carry 7lb extra; entrance 3 sovs each to the fund; two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

SECOND DAY.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 10 sovs each for starters, with 100 sovs added (50 sovs given by the Right Hon. Earl Howe and 50 sovs by the Race Committee; winners of any hurdle race after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, or of the Licensed Victuallers' Hurdle Race 10lb extra; entrance 3 sovs each to the race fund; two miles, over eight flights of hurdles.

The QUEEN'S PLATE of 200 gs, for colts and fillies; three-yrs-old 8st 6lb; four 9st 7lb, five and upwards 9st 11lb; two miles.

The COUNTY CUP STAKES, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h ft, to the fund, with 150 sovs added; three-yrs-old 7st 12lb; four 8st 10lb; five and upwards 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold by auction for 400 sovs, and the surplus, if any, to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund, if entered to be sold for 330 sovs allowed 7lb; if for 200 sovs 12lb; if not for sale to carry 12lb extra; to start in the straight and go once round, about one mile and a quarter.

BRIGHTON DOG SHOW.—The Kennel Club will hold an Autumn Dog Show at Brighton, on November 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th. Schedules now ready, on application, at 29A, Pall Mall, London, S.W. G. LOWE, Secretary.

Specially adapted for Anglers, Artists, Travellers, &c. PORTER'S (Registered)

ANTI MIDGE AND GNAT VEIL SPECTACLE FACE AND NECK PROTECTOR, entirely protects the face and neck from the stings of Midges, &c.; also dust and sand. Sent post free on receipt of P.O.O. for 15s., or reference in London. Extra wide Silk Veil, 21s., colours, brown, blue, or grey.

CARY'S, Optician to the ADMIRALTY, 181, STRAND, LONDON.

SMART'S WRITING INSTITUTION, 97B, Quadrant, Regent-street (entrance in Swallow-street). Open from ten till nine daily. Persons of all ages received (privately), and taught at any time suiting their own convenience. Lessons one hour each. No classes. No extras. Improvement guaranteed in eight to twelve easy lessons. Separate room for ladies.—Apply to Mr. Smart, as above.

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DONCASTER SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will Sell by Auction at Doncaster (in the Paddock opposite the Horse Fair), on **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY**, September 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, at TEN o'clock precisely, the following Yearlings, &c., with their engagements.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Messrs. Tattersall beg to give notice that all lots at their yearling and thorough-bred sales are expected to be paid for before delivery, and that if orders are given to their regular customers after a sale, it must be upon the understanding that they are to be paid for on the following Monday at Albert-gate.

Owners or their agents delivering lots without a written order from Messrs. T., or their Clerk, will make themselves responsible for the amount of any such lots.

Messrs. Tattersall's office will be at Mr. Willoughby's, S. Hall-gate, Doncaster.

In consequence of the number of lots the Sale will commence each day at 10 o'clock punctually.

TUESDAY.

With engagements, the property of Mr. Jas. Hawke.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Blue mantle out of Nine of Diamonds (dam of Tentergate) by Dundee out of Curse Royal.

With engagements. The property of Mr. Wm. Green. **LOWLAND DUKE**, Bay Yearling Colt by Lowlander out of Grand Duchess by Lozenge out of Ladylike (dam of Birthday, Birthright, and Rosebery) by Newminster.

The following **YEARLINGS** and **BROOD MARES**, the property of Mr. E. Somerset.

BAY COLT by the Rake out of Priestess, by Cathedral; no engagements.

CHESNUT FILLY by Strathconan out of Religieuse, by Wingrave her dam Novice by Stockwell; no engagements.

PRIESTESS, a bay mare (foaled 1872) by Cathedral out of Christiana, by Maroon out of Lady Louisa, with filly-foal by Macgregor and covered by Thuringian Prince.

CATALONIA, a bay mare (foaled 1867) by Lord Clifden out of Tarragona by Orlando; with a filly-foal by Macgregor, and covered by Standard (own brother to Sterling).

RELIGIEUSE, a bay mare (foaled 1868) by Wingrave out of Novice by Stockwell; covered by Thuringian Prince.

The property of Mr. Cecil Samuda. **BAY YEARLING COLT** (own brother to Claudius) by Cecrops out of Light (dam of several winners), by The Prime Minister.

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements, the property of the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam.

CHESNUT COLT by Lecturer, out of No Name by Teddington out of Queen of Beauty by Melbourne out of Birthday by Pantaloon.

BROWN FILLY by King Lud out of Ushant by Amsterdam out of Tease-me-Not by Kingston out of Triangle by Epirus.

BAY FILLY by Ventnor (by Buccaneer) out of Tangerine by Lecturer out of Tomato by King Tom; no engagements.

With engagements, the property of Mr. G. Armstrong. **BAY YEARLING FILLY** by Macgregor out of Fascination (sister to Lady Wildair) by Wild Dayrell out of Lady Lurewell (dam of Canobie, &c.) by Hornsea out of Dirc by Partisan.

BROWN YEARLING FILLY by Cardinal York out of Damages by Oxford out of Defamation (dam of Saccharometer, Tartine, and many other winners) by Iago out of Caricature.

With engagements, the property of Mr. W. Orde. **CHESNUT FILLY** by Macgregor out of Beebird by Buccaneer dam by Galanthus out of the celebrated Beeswing (dam of Newminster).

The **WOODLANDS YEARLINGS**, with engagements. **FILLY** by Macgregor—Bee Bird by Buccaneer. **COLT** (brother to Nellie Macgregor) by Macgregor—Mandarin's dam.

FILLY by Macgregor—Activity's dam. **COLT** by Macgregor—Knavery by Lord Clifden. **FILLY** (sister to Randall McEagh) by Macgregor. **COLT** by Macgregor—Finesse.

Mr. John Barry's. **BAY COLT**, Cash by Macgregor—Ready Money.

Mr. John Heslop's. **FILLY** by Argyle, dam by Kettledrum—Lady Anne.

Mr. John Walker's. **COLT** by Argyle—Moorgame (dam of Pilot).

Mr. C. E. Morgan's. **FILLY** by Andred—dam by Gladiateur—Polly.

Mr. James Gowland's. **LADY ANDRED**, by Andred—Una by Ellington.

KAISER II., colt by Kaiser—Approval (sister to Plaudit) by Thormanby.

MARACCHINO FILLY by Kaiser—Inverary.

COUNT DAYRELL, bay colt 2 years old (brother to Duke Dayrell), by Wild Dayrell II. out of Una, by Ellington or Dusk.

THE YARDLEY STUD YEARLINGS.

To be seen at Mr. Somerset's Stables adjoining the Sale Paddock.

BROWN COLT by Ben Webster out of Sultana (dam of winners) by Oxford her dam Besika (dam of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Tenedos, &c.) by Beiram, &c. (foaled March 7, 1878).

BAY FILLY by the Duke dam Lord Clifden mare (sister to Ringwood and dam of Revolver) her dam Vimiera by Voltigeur out of Coalition by Don John &c. (foaled March 17th, 1878).

BAY COLT by Sterling out of Datura (dam of Storm King, Dahlia, Nitocris, &c.) by Newminster out of Snowdrop (dam of Gemma di Vergy, &c.) by Heron, her dam Fairy by Filho da Puta out of Britannia by Orville, &c. (foaled April 11th, 1878).

BAY COLT by Oxford out of Regatta by The Duke, her dam Datura by Newminster out of Snowdrop by Heron, sire of Fisherman, &c. (foaled April 17, first foal).

BAY COLT by Sterling out of Fern (dam of Rama, &c.) by Fernhill, her dam by Beiram out of Addy sister to Château Margaux, by Whalebone &c., foaled April 15, 1878.

BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Mirella (dam of Cherry Duchess, Merry Duchess, &c.) by Gemma di Vergy, her dam Lady Roden (dam of Lady Coventry, &c.) by West Australian, out of Ennui (Saunterer's dam) by Bay Middleton, &c.

The Mirella Filly to be leased and kept in training stables, not longer than the end of the racing season, when she is four years old, then to be returned (free of all expenses, forfeits, &c.) to her owners, at Yardley Stud Farm.

CHESNUT FILLY, by Oxford or Ben Webster out of Phila by The Duke out of Egyptian (dam of Cairo, L'Orient, Algebra, &c.) by Touchstone her dam Area by Gladiateur out of Twilight by Velocipede, &c. (foaled May 22, 1878; first foal).

BROWN COLT by Playfair (own brother to Sterling and winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes), out of Diddington by The Duke her dam Wild Dayrell mare (dam of The Pacha and Fackington) her dam Sagacity by Theon (foaled May 22, 1878; first foal).

BROWN COLT by Ben Webster out of Carfax (dam of St. Aldates, &c.) by Oxford her dam Curagoa (dam of Martinique, &c.) by The Cure her dam Tasmania by Melbourne, &c. (foaled April 6, 1878).

CHESNUT FILLY (own sister to Dukedom) by The Duke out of Mellona by Teddington her dam Honey Dear, &c. (the dam of Oxford) (foaled February 14, 1878).

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. R. Wright, of High Gingerfield, Richmond.

GLEN LIBERTY, brown colt by Glenlyon out of Escape by Y. Dutchman (by Flying Dutchman) out of Gayous by The Cure—Gay by Melbourne.

CLIP TILIER WINGS, bay filly by Glenlyon out of Vitula by Arthur Wellesley (sire of Mornington) her dam Prairie Bird (dam of Bird on the Wing) by Touchstone—England's Beauty (dam of Silverhair, &c.)

SANDRINGHAM, brown colt by Glenlyon out of Alexandra (Iron Duke's dam) by Neville—Wild Duck by Pompey by Emilius.

GLEN VOLE, bay colt by Glenlyon out of Volt (dam of Amateur, Sir Arthur, &c.) by Barron.

GLEN PRINCE, bay colt by Glenlyon out of Queen Emma (Princess Theresa's dam) by Prime Minister.

HIGH GINGERFIELD, bay colt by Kingcraft out of Mitrailleur by Arthur Wellesley (by Melbourne) her dam Extasy by Touchstone.

MAHOMET, bay colt by Speculum out of Irene (Queen Mab's dam) by King Tom.

GLEN RUBY, bay colt (brother to Falmouth and Glen crystal) by Glenlyon (son of Stockwell) out of Dewdrop (dam of Salamanca and Talavera, both winners) by Mildew by Slane.

CHESNUT COLT by Wild Dayrell II. by Wild Dayrell, winner of the Derby, out of Rosina by The Emperor out of Faith, by Mildew (by Slane) her dam by Essedarius by Gladiator, his dam by Velocipede.

The following **BROOD MARES** and **Foals**.

LEXICON, by Leamington out of Lady Alicia (dam of Happaree, &c.) by Melbourne out of Testy by Venison; covered by Macgregor.

FILLY FOAL by Merry Sunshine out of Lexicon.

LADY DURHAM (dam of several winners), by Lambton—dam (the grandam of Mar and Marsworth) by Fernhill or Gleam out of Bonny Betty; covered by Macgregor.

FILLY FOAL by Coltness out of Lady Durham.

INFLUENCE (dam of Ben Lomond), by Sabreur or Underhand out of Prelude (grandam of Fore-runner) by Touchstone; covered by Claremont.

COLT FOAL brother to Ben Lomond, by Macgregor out of Influence.

MISS TATTON, by Neptunus out of Lady Tatton (third in Leger and grandam of Palmbeare); covered by Claremont.

FILLY FOAL by King Lud out of Miss Tatton.

LADY LUCY, by Lord Lyon out of Spinster (dam of Perseverance, Judge, &c.), by Flatcatcher out of Nan Dayrell (dam of Vedette), by Inheritor; covered by Argyle.

QUEEN OF HEARTS, by Lord of the Isles out of Plausible (dam of Plaudit); covered by Claremont.

CASSANDRA (dam of Black Knight, &c.), by Warlock out of Georgiana (dam of Cœur de Lion, Farnfield, Ironmaster, &c.) by Touchstone out of Lady Emily; covered by Claremont.

FILLY FOAL by Thunder out of Cassandra.

SUKEY, by Vedette out of Soo-loo (dam of Silver-string, &c.), by Stockwell out of Old Calabar's dam; covered by Macgregor.

FILLY FOAL by George Frederick out of Sukey.

WEDNESDAY.

The following Yearlings, the property of Mr. T. Whiting.

CHESNUT FILLY by Lowlander out of Winifred (Miss Whiting's dam) by Theobald out of Defence's dam.

BAY COLT by Lowlander out of Tymbestere by The Rake out of Timbrel the dam of Chimes, Carillon, &c.

The **HINNINGTON YEARLINGS**, the property of Mr. Arthur Hoole, of Hinington, near Shifnal, Salop.

PRINCESS MERCEDES, a brown filly by Brown Bread out of Daisy Rake (sister to Roscius, &c.); first foal.

BAY COLT by Wenlock out of Quick Stream (sister to Bugle March, &c.); first foal.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. John W. Lee.

GREY COLT by Strathconan out of Conceit by Rataplan grandam Haughty by The Hero.

BAY COLT by Strathconan out of Mattie by Cathedral grandam by Leamington.

CHESNUT FILLY by Strathconan out of Bracelet by Rataplan grandam by Touchwood; no engagements.

THE CROFT STUD YEARLINGS, with their engagements.

BAY COLT by Barefoot out of Mountain Finch by Blair Athol—Goldfinch—West Australian (first foal).

MACMORE, a chesnut colt by Macgregor out of Lady Annie by Trumpeter—Chiffonnière (Buccaneer's dam).

BAY COLT by King Lud out of Elf Knot (dam of Essayez) by Le Maréchal.

CHESNUT FILLY by Andred out of Lady Valentine (dam of Golden Linnet, &c.) by Lotterer.

BAY FILLY by Albert Victor out of Gentle Zitella (own sister to Glendene) by Blair Athol out of The Pet by Daniel O'Rourke.

BAY FILLY by Albert Victor or Camballo out of Lady Dot (dam of Perth, Maid of Perth, Gaberlunzie, &c.).

BAY FILLY by Albert Victor out of Letty Long (dam of Lettuce, &c.) by Longbow.

The property of Mr. F. Earl.

BROWN YEARLING COLT by Sugarplum out of Tailor's Daughter (dam of Seamstress) by Loupgarou out of Hurry Scurry by Pantaloon out of Confusionée by Emilius out of Young Maniac by Tramp—Sugarplum by Saccharometer out of Limeflower by Knight of St. George by Birdcatcher. To be seen at the Salutation Hotel.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of Mr. J. M. Jennings.

CHESNUT COLT by Reverberation out of Lady Murray.

CHESNUT FILLY by Reverberation out of Treasury, by Rataplan out of Secret Treasure.

BAY COLT by Landmark out of Deluge, by Storm. No engagements.

The property of Mr. M. Leaper.

CHESNUT COLT by Vanderdecken dam (foaled 1867) by Blair Athol grandam by Dr. Sangrado.

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements, the property of Mr. W. Hudson.

BROWN FILLY by Brown Bread out of Lady Highborn (the dam of Mrs. Pond, Miss Pool, and Lady of the Lake) by Stockwell out of Coast Guard's dam.

BAY COLT by Albert Victor out of Peg Fife (the dam of Molly Cobroy, &c.) by Snowden Dunhill, dam by Pompey or Pontifex out of Christina by Don John out of Princess (winner of the Oaks) by Slane.

CHESNUT COLT by Cathedral, dam by Martyrdom, grandam by Saccharometer out of Duty Free by Lambton out of Coast Guard's dam.

The property of Mr. Dixon.

OLLERTON, a bay yearling colt by Cremorne out of Tau (the dam of Victorian and Montauban), by Cathedral—Lambda (the dam of Xi, Nu, and Omega) by Umbriel, &c.

With engagements, the property of Mr. William Robinson.

BAY or BROWN FILLY by Bourbaki out of Remnant (the dam of Raby, Lady Cicely, Trojan,

Adamite, and Red Crescent; the whole of her produce are winners; Bourbaki is by Adventurer out of Prudence by Voltigeur, her dam Gossamer by I. Birdcatcher.

With their engagements, the **WARESLEY STUD YEARLINGS**.

BAY FILLY by Lord Lyon out of Weather-beaten by Y. Melbourne, her dam Enfield's dam by Weatherbit, grandam by Birdcatcher; dam untied (foaled March 22nd); no engagements.

BAY FILLY by Brown Bread out of Spruce by Honiton (by Stockwell out of Queen Bertha's dam) out of Evergreen Pine, own sister to Bay Cella (dam of The Duke and The Earl) by Orlando—Hersey by Glaucus; dam untied (foaled April 9th); no engagements.

BAY COLT by Doncaster out of Euxine (dam of Maid of Wye, her first foal) by King Tom—Varna by The Flying Dutchman (foaled March 3rd).

BAY COLT by Cathedral out of Miss Hawthorn (dam of Ecarte, Captivator, Tam o'Shanter, Tam Glen, &c.) by King Tom, dam by Jerry—Jenny Jumps by Rocco—Jeannette by Shakespeare (foaled January 19th).

CHESNUT COLT by Cathedral out of Compton Lass (dam of Northfleet) by St. Albans—Marpesia by Bay Middleton—Amazon by Touchstone—Grace Darling (The Hero's dam) by Defence (foaled March 12th).

BAY COLT by Cathedral out of School Girl by Y. Melbourne—Slumber by Saunterer—Types by Touchstone—Boarding School Miss by Plenipo, dam untied (foaled April 16th).

CHESNUT FILLY by Cathedral out of Essence by St. Albans—Ess. Bouquet (Chypree's dam) by Orlando—Bouquet by Bay Middleton—Violet by Melbourne, dam untied (foaled March 31st).

The following **YEARLINGS** with their engagements the property of Mrs. King.

ABILITY a bay filly by Scottish Chief out of Apology by Adventurer out of Mandragora by Rataplan.

MARMORA a chesnut filly by Adventurer out of Milliner by Rataplan out of Manganese by Birdcatcher.

With engagements, the property of Mr. Charles Clark, Ashby de la Launde, Sleford.

BLACK or BROWN YEARLING COLT by Cremorne, out of Lambton Mare, dam Radiance by Rataplan, grandam Moonbeam.

BAY YEARLING FILLY by Merry Sunshine out of Dinah (own sister to Grassendale) by Hermit, her dam Ratacatcher's Daughter by Rataplan, great grandam Lady Alicia—by Melbourne. No engagements.

CHESNUT YEARLING FILLY by Merry Sunshine out of Lexicon by Leamington her dam Lady Alicia by Melbourne out of Testy by Venison. No engagements.

The following **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements, the property of the Earl of Scarborough.

STRATHDON bay colt by Strathconan out of Poinsettia by Y. Melbourne (dam of Queen of Pearls, Gem of Gems, Ellangowan, &c.).

STRATHEDEN, a bay colt by Strathconan out of Reveille (dam of Bersaglier and Scot Guard) by Rataplan.

CHAMELION, a grey or roan colt by Strathconan out of Emerald by Y. Melbourne (dam of Necklace, Cairngorm, &c.).

COVENANTER, a chesnut colt by King Lud out of Lufra by Windhound (dam of Lowlander, Midlothian, &c.).

PANTALON, a chesnut colt by Strathconan out of Disguise by Thormanby.

TAPESTRY, a grey colt by Strathconan out of Tape by Crater her dam Ribbon by Rataplan.

PRINCESSA, a grey filly by Strathconan out of Charmione by Orlando (dam of Strathern, &c.).

LILY OF THE VALLEY, a chesnut filly by Doncaster out of Lady Alice Hawthorn by Newminster (dam of Thorn, Lady Lumley, &c.).

MYRICA, a grey filly by Strathconan out of Fragrance, by Voltigeur (dam of Censer).

AURICOMA, bay filly by Strathconan out of Golden Sand by Y. Melbourne.

Mr. Eyke's **YEARLINGS**, with their engagements.

BROWN FILLY by Brown Bread dam Clarette by Claret—Columbine by The Flying Dutchman—Clarissa (Y. Melbourne's dam) by Pantaloon—Glencoe.

BROWN FILLY by Brown Bread dam Genevieve (winner of Portland Plate) by Saccharometer dam Alice Lee (dam of Picnic, &c.).

BLACK FILLY by Onslow or Cucumber dam Hygeia (Hilarious, Berzelius, and Reveller's dam) by Knight of Kars—Countess Amy (Shifnal's dam) by St. Albans—Canteen by Orlando (dam of Cantiniere and Aventuriere).

BAY COLT by Cathedral dam My Louisa (Hero's dam) by Saccharometer—Birdlime by West Australian dam by Birdcatcher—Mickleton Maid by Velocipede.

BAY COLT by Cucumber dam Birdlime (Black Prince, Crecy, and Sawdust's dam) by West Australian (as above).

BAY COLT by Cucumber dam Sulphur by Storm (Ozone, Torch, and Squib's dam)—Gloomy, sister to Ennui, dam of Saunterer.

BROWN COLT by Cucumber dam Rhapsody (Request's dam) by Knight of Kars—Novara by Weatherbit.

BLACK COLT by Cucumber dam Salliet (Vegetarian's dam) by Trumpeter.

BROWN COLT by Brown Bread dam Alice Lee (dam of Picnic, second for 2,000gs. Genevieve, winner of Portland Plate, Slice, winner of Somersetshire Stakes at Bath, Oxford Handicap, &c.).

BAY FILLY by Brown Bread dam Voyageuse (Whitebine's dam), by Adventurer—Aline (Grand Cook, Glen Eagle, and Wisdom's dam) by Stockwell—Jeu d'Esprit by Flatcatcher—Extempore sister to Euclid.

On view at Mr. Somerset's Paddocks.

The property of Dr. Proctor.

BROWN COLT by Brown Bread, dam Maize by Knight of Kars—Nougat by Sweetmeat—Testatrix by Touchstone—Young Worry by Emilius (foaled May 9).

On view at Mr. Somerset's Paddock.

The property of a Gentleman.

BROWN COLT by Cucumber out of Effie Deans (dam of Rubicon) by Dundee—Defenceless (dam of Caractacus) by Defence, dam by Cain—Ridotto.

On view at Mr. Somerset's Paddocks.

The Property of Mr. Mauriner.

GOLD DUST, a yearling colt by Wild Dayrell II. or Glenlyon, out of Claptrap by Lord Clifden, her dam by Birdcatcher—foaled to Glenlyon on May 1.

With engagements, the property of Mr. George Webster.

BAY YEARLING COLT by Strathconan out of Mandane by Mandrake out of Braxey by Moss Trooper out of Queen Mary (Blink Bonny's dam).

With engagements, the property of Mr. Jas. R. Wilson.

CHESNUT YEARLING FILLY by Mandrake out of Worthless by Cathedral out of Pera by Mango, her dam Butterfly by Shakespeare out of Dryad by Whalebone.

With engagements, the property of Mr. John S. Godson.

DAITREY, chesnut yearling colt, by Cremorne out of Picnic by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Midsummer by Melbourne.

(For continuation of Horse Auctions see page 608.)

SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

P. H. B.—The late Mr. Fechter's father was a sculptor.

HENRY GREEN.—Mr. Lyssander Steel Thompson was the son of a provincial manager. He was born in 1818. He was apprenticed to the sea, and having served his time, stayed ashore and joined his father, who was then manager of the West Riding circuit. After passing some time on the stage, he again went to sea, and after some years again returned to the stage, on which he permanently remained. We do not know the year in which he first played at the Olympic Theatre.

S. A. F. V.—In the opinion of Schlegel *Sir John Oldcastle* was written by Shakespeare. Malone rejected it, and most English critics of repute have followed in his steps. It was played on the boards of the Olympic Theatre in March, 1848, when it was put forth by the management as Shakespeare's on the strength of a curious and scarce edition of it dated 1600, bearing the name of William Shakespeare attached to it, and described as acted by the Lord High Admiral's players about 1598, when Henslowe was their master, or manager.

DON CESAR.—Miss St. George was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where she also made her first theatrical appearance.

R. B.—1. Inquire at the stage-door. 2. Mr. Hudson Kirby died in 1848, and was buried in the Victoria Park cemetery.

J. P.—1. If we did not reply it was probably because we were not in possession of the information. 2. "Memoirs of Edward Allyn," by John Payne Collier, and in some of our own back numbers, which the publisher can supply.

MUSICAL.

BASS.—There are good openings just now for a genuine basso profundo, and if the compass of your voice extends from the lower E two octaves upwards it is almost exceptional, if the quality be good. The lower E cannot be said to belong legitimately to your compass unless you can "speak upon it." Merely to reach the note is nothing. You must be able to sing two syllables consecutively, so that they may be clearly distinguishable. If you can accomplish this, be content with a compass of two octaves, and make no experiments in barytone singing. Study bass songs only; discard common-place songs, and study such works as Mozart's "Qui sedeno," and Schubert's "Wanderer." Try to equalise your voice throughout its compass, so that it may exhibit no weak places. When practising scales, occasionally sing the upper F, *sotto voce*, for the purpose of acquiring full command of the note below. Acquire the power of singing scales alternately *forte* and *piano*. Study the intervals of the scale and you will soon be able to sing at sight, which every vocalist should be ready to do. Cultivate fine quality rather than power of tone, and when singing scales attain an imaginary sentiment to every note. Never practice for more than fifteen minutes at a time, with intervals of fifteen minutes between each practice, and leave off singing directly it begins to fatigue you. Write again, four or five weeks hence, and report progress.

LIONEL.—*Flora; or The Gipsy's Frolic* was written and composed by Dr. Thomas Ward, of New York. It was in three acts, and was first produced in private.

SPORTING.

CHANTILLY.—We think it very improbable, for "Nimrod" says that Count Edgar Ney was an excellent horseman, over both a country and a course.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

THE ST. LEGER.

AFTER the little settlements of equine differences which take place annually at Epsom and Ascot, and by which the question of supremacy is held to be decided for the year, at least as regards the three-year-old colts and fillies respectively, we are too apt to regard the great September event as a foregone conclusion for some animal which has evinced its superiority over the common herd early in the season. We are too apt to forget that the bloom is not always on the rye, and that the results of the classic races depend very much upon the condition of competitors at the time of decision, while different horses are at their best at different standpoints on the racing circuit. As, however, time goes on, and as our ideas and notions with regard to the excellence of this or that racehorse undergo serious changes, a totally diverse complexion is put upon the aspect of the coming race in the month of St. Partridge. The motley pack of likely starters has been cut and shuffled and dealt out again in such changeable fashion, that preconceived ideas are totally routed, and

the difficulty of arriving at a correct conclusion is enhanced by the totally opposite conditions of the Doncaster race as compared with that over the Epsom track. Goodwood is not unfrequently a rash disturber of our peace of mind as regards certain candidates sent to compete for the three-year-old prizes at that meeting; besides which we have to take into account the inevitable chapter of accidents, and the changes and chances which frequently come between Epsom successes and "motions for a new trial" over fresh ground on the famous Town Moor. We assist with renewed vigour of appetite at the feast set before us on our return from vacation rambles and sojourns in shooting quarters, until at last we are fully agreed as to the desirability of banishing from our minds determination to stand by this or that aspirant to St. Leger honours, because of the form shown by him or by her three months ago. It is true, perhaps, that in the long run we have almost invariably to resort for a solution of the difficulty to the recording pages of the "Calendar" of races past; but the uncertain and unknown will, to the end of time, possess more charms for weak mortals than their opposites, and thus it happens that we fearlessly open fresh books, point our pencils anew, and summon to our aid the host of rough outsiders, great unknowns, and vague tips of the man in the street. Perhaps more hopeless impossibilities are foisted upon the public as possessing St. Leger chances than in any other race of the year; and we perpetually live in hopes of the greatest moral certainties being upset by something dropped from the clouds, after the fashion of Caller On and Hawthornden. Long odds are terrible temptations to the weaker brethren, and though the ancient rivalry between North and South may be said to have died out (mainly owing to the failure of late years of promising candidates from the Yorkshire stables), still the Tyke will not be cheated of the pleasure of having his bit upon something hailing from Malton, Middleham, Richmond, or the various other training quarters scattered here and there among the downlands and moorlands of the county of acres. The representatives of the latter are upon the well-known and time-honoured vantage ground endeared to them by so many memories of the past, and hallowed in their eyes by associations of which the memory will never fade, so long as olden battles are fought over and over again beside winter firesides among a people unaffectedly attached to the sport which has taken such deep root in their affections from the days of childhood. Interest in the St. Leger is also invariably intensified when the Derby hero and the Oaks victress meet to decide the question of supremacy on the banks of the Don, and though it is not a question of North and South this year, as on the occasion when Canezou came out to do battle for Whitewall against Surplice, still the tussle between Wheel of Fortune and Sir Bevy's will lose little interest in the eyes of those who, on the eventful St. Leger morn, will pass in one unceasing stream down the avenue of elms to take up their positions for the great race of the day. Not that the issue is to be regarded as narrowed down to this illustrious twain, for hard ground and a flat course may upset many nicely-balanced calculations based on opposite conditions; and though public running has been consistently sustained hitherto, there is no saying where the turning-point may be, or when the glorious uncertainty of the sport may manifest itself. Year after year are we compelled to listen to the dirges chanted over degenerated thoroughbreds by racing pessimists; and it is dinned into our ears that never were our Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger candidates of such painfully inferior calibre as now. We may well pass by such senile lamentations, which, indeed, are speedily forgotten when the race is over, and the victory won, and when no laudation can be too excessive for the latest Doncaster winner. It is true we may never again see those imposing musters at the St. Leger post chronicled in years when race-meetings were fewer and farther between than at present, and before a plethora of sport had eliminated so many hopeless chances by the process of perpetually sifting; but we must be content to accept the situation, and to abide by the work of our own hands. However nicely we may deem to have calculated chances, racing has not yet been reduced to one of the exact sciences, and the days of upsets and surprises have not yet deserted us altogether. If we seem to see our way more clearly than usual, it is because we cannot consent to overlook broad facts and glaring illustrations; but with these before us, there is the less excuse for being led away into labyrinths of argument, which can profit us nothing in the end, however interesting it may be to quit the broad paths of fact for the narrow by-ways of theory, into which so many have been beguiled to their ruin.

No one would, we presume, be found bold enough to contend that either the Derby hero or the Oaks victress fulfil those ideas of size, symmetry, style, and quality which we are accustomed to associate with the majority of their predecessors in the highest honours of the turf. Lord Falmouth's wonderful little filly is not of that slashing, raking sort we look back at instinctively when paraded in a saddling paddock; and "what a mean-looking little devil" is the expression we have heard more than once in connection with Wheel of Fortune, when she has been identified walking round an enclosure. In her clothes there is really nothing remarkable about her, except her apparent want of size and length, but all these shortcomings, more apparent than real, disappear in a marvellously short space of time when Archer sets the mare a-going. Then she pulls herself out, lays herself down, and makes the extremest use of every muscle and sinew; and be it noted that she has not an atom of lumber about her, all the machinery for galloping being stowed away with a view, as it were, to economising space, and concentrated in the smallest compass possible consistent with effective development. Wheel of Fortune's enormous propelling power is her grand characteristic, and to see her breast the Epsom and Ascot inclines was a "caution;" and the only place where she seemed to be "pinched" as a two-year-old was by Falmouth over the flat of Knavesmire. The St. Leger course may not, therefore, be so greatly to Wheel of Fortune's liking as other tracks where there is a hill to negotiate at the finish, and it is at Doncaster where long-striding horses will have the pull over

Lord Falmouth's mare, if they ever get on terms with her, which only Ruperra has succeeded in doing as yet. Her breeding it would be almost superfluous to discuss, but it may be remarked in passing that Adventurer has, in more than one instance, shown a marked partiality for the Venison blood, which comes through Kingston to Wheel of Fortune. Pretender, a real good horse before he unfortunately turned roarer, was bred after this fashion, as was Glen Arthuir, another smart performer in his day, and others of lesser note, so that the "Wheel's" pedigree is strictly in accordance with generally accepted notions of excellence in point of combinations of blood. On her ownership, trainership, and jockeyship it would be mere waste of words to dilate, and she has shown her ability to gallop, both on the top of the ground and through seas of mud, so that he must be a sanguine man indeed who hugs the illusion of being able to turn the tables on Lord Falmouth's mare, at least with anything seen in public "up to date."

It is in no spirit of ill-nature nor with any lack of reverence for great names that we assert that few plainer heroes have been ushered into *Baily's* gallery of Derby winners than the dark brown son of Favonius, concerning whose chance to beat Wheel of Fortune certain admitted good judges appear to be so remarkably sweet. Still we must not forget that many of the Sweetmeats, notably Parmesan, the grandsire of Sir Bevy's, were built on a small scale; and it is certain that Mr. Rothschild's colt strains back in colour, in shape, and general characteristics to the gallant son of Gladiator, concerning whose pedigree on his dam's side such long and bitter controversies have been waged. Sir Bevy's showed only mediocre form as a two-year-old, but it should be borne in mind that his sire did not perform in public at all at that age, being a long time in coming to his best, and it may be that the half-brother to Hampton takes after Favonius in arriving slowly at perfection. No horse could have pulled his backers through more handsomely than did Sir Bevy's in the Derby, but we are fully entitled, if not to discount that performance, at any rate to suspend our judgment until the colt again courts a public trial at Doncaster, in which we fully expect to see him come off second best, even if the Epsom form be not totally upset, owing to the vastly different conditions of the St. Leger track. Short horses, as a rule, are not well served over the Town Moor, whereas in the race for the Derby they are better suited; and it is hardly likely we shall see the field for the big race of next Wednesday ploughing their way through such a sticky slough of despond as that which upset so many calculations upon Epsom Downs. For Sir Bevy's it is claimed that he is essentially a stayer, as indeed he ought to be, looking at his family antecedents, both on the turf and at the stud; but he does not impress us as a horse possessed of excessive speed, and we shall not be surprised to see him run for a long way the reverse of prominently, and it is quite on the cards that he may be "chopped" at starting, and find some difficulty in making up his ground. In Hayhoe's judgment we are bound to place the utmost confidence, and in the matter of a rider Sir Bevy's is likely to be well served, though we should like to see Fordham on his back once again. It is refreshing to find the old Mentmore colours sported by a son of Favonius, while it must also be matter for congratulation that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild starts racing "on his own hook" with a representative so essentially worthy of his family traditions. Lord Falmouth has enjoyed so many of Fortune's favours that he might well be content to play second fiddle for this race; but we hardly dare anticipate it will be to Sir Bevy's, open and straightforward as are certain to be all dealings and doings in connection with the Derby winner.

We have seen numberless instances (and especially of late years) of mares which have lost their form in the spring regaining it in the autumn, but we much doubt whether Leap Year's is not a hopeless case, so long has this smart daughter of Kingcraft been under a cloud, not having shown even the faintest glimpse of the smartness which characterised her as a two-year-old. Added to this, she has always seemed to us rather a nervous, delicate filly, with a tendency to the softness which characterised her sire, to whom she bears no slight resemblance. Compared with Wheel of Fortune, Leap Year shows undoubtedly a finer frame, better length and greater scope, but she seems to have lost all her substance during the winter, and at Epsom and Ascot was the merest shell of a mare, with a worn and jaded look. From all these drawbacks she may, of course, have fully recovered, but even granting this to be the case, she is not exactly the sort of animal we should choose to champion us in such a tough job as that set to competitors for the St. Leger. Against her breeding certainly, there is very little to be urged, for the Melbourne blood in her dam's veins should stand her in good stead, and doubtless Kingcraft himself could stay reasonably well, though the soft spot in him was brought out by hard work as a two-year-old. As yet none of the Kingcrafts seem to have trained on, which is another argument against Leap Year, concerning the discussion of whose St. Leger chance we should not have wasted so many words, were it not for the fact that many people still appear to entertain a fancy for her.

Falmouth and Cadogan, erst a pair of red-hot favourites for the Derby, may be dismissed here, neither being likely to show at Doncaster, though both may win races for their respective stables over shorter courses than the St. Leger, which appears to be altogether too high game for either to fly at.

The Lagrange lot furnish, as usual, the puzzle of the piece, for though on public form neither Rayon d'Or, Zut, nor Flavio II. can possess even a homœopathic chance against the two leading favourites, we have seen such variable running as regards other horses carrying the red and blue of the Count, that it will never do to leave his representatives out of our reckoning. There is no saying when another Phénix will arise from its ashes to defy them and to upset public form; and though we cannot bring ourselves to believe in the ability of Jennings to compass the overthrow of the favourites, it will not do to leave his three champions out in the cold. So far as the two sons of Flageolet are concerned (for we have never yet set eyes on Flavio II.), it does seem very long odds against horses cast in their mould ranking as St. Leger winners. Why their

sire should beget such gaunt and ungainly animals passes comprehension; but so it is, and we have noticed the same peculiarities in foals produced to him by English mares, so that Rayon d'Or and Zut must not be regarded as instances of exceptional ungainliness. We are willing to admit that the former has made all the improvement of which he was capable in point of muscular development since the early part of the year, but no process of time will ever smooth down his irregularities, nor alter his conformation to the extent required to convert the "giraffe" into a quadruped worthy of the brush of a Herring or a Hall. No course of training can effect more than to lay muscle over his gigantic frame, which it sadly needed; neither can age be expected to alter his ewe neck, nor to eradicate his star-gazing propensities. Great size and bone and thorough soundness will undoubtedly effect great things, if the heart is in the right place; but of this we are not quite certain in the case of Rayon d'Or, though Zut has run game and straight enough upon occasions. The latter looks infinitely more of a racehorse than his "companion in arms," while on paper he would appear to possess superior staying powers, having shown highly respectable form in his native country, albeit he has hitherto failed to astonish the natives here. Followers of the stable are understood to ridicule the pretensions of Zut as compared with those of Rayon d'Or, but, as we have intimated above, it will not do to take all we hear in that quarter for gospel, nor to jump at conclusions, taking our cue from market movements in connection with the pair. We must "cast back" a little, and bear in mind that Verneuil developed into a better stayer than Chamant, whose dam also produced Rayon d'Or; while Zut is out of Regalia, herself the mother of some good stayers in addition to Verneuil—notably Regal, the Grand National winner two years ago. Therefore, in however light esteem we might hold the chances of the French trio even on their best form here and across the Channel, there is no saying what improvement they may not have undergone since the spring, and backers might do worse than take odds against the lot, in case of a surprise. This might come from a very unexpected quarter, for we hear a good account of Flavio II., who has performed in sufficiently "zig-zag" fashion of late to indicate that he may be a real good one when wanted. But we would not for a moment be supposed as pretending to pick out the court card in this very pretty trick, and before the St. Leger bell rings a good deal of cutting and shuffling is likely to take place, confounding the judgment of backers, and puzzling even the most dexterous unravellers of this game of puzzles. Our advice is, either to leave the lot alone or to back the whole boiling, and a very pretty kettle of fish they are for cooks to exercise their art upon.

Robbie Burns's pedigree reads all over like that of a stayer, for St. Albans, the progenitor of Martyrdom, was himself a St. Leger winner, and the dam of the latter, Eulogy, produced another Doncaster heroine in Imperatrice. Robbie's dam, Auchnafree, is by Rapparee (by Rataplan), both of them good stayers, and he is out of an Iago mare, dam by Gladiator. So that his blood is good enough, if only the horse in whose veins it runs is *class* enough to hold his own against the flower of his year. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether Robbie Burns is the soundest animal in the world, but the ground is not likely to get hard again this year, and we are inclined to regard Robbie as a good rough outsider, and it is possible he may struggle up into the fourth or fifth position, or even get nearer to the front, luck and the chances of racing warfare permitting.

Lansdown, another son of St. Albans, has recently been resuscitated, and may see a still shorter price if he turns out to be the sheet-anchor of Fyfield, an aspect he certainly wears at the time of writing. Lansdown is a quick, wiry, light fleshed, rather impetuous nag, quite after the style associated with the stock of his sire, and his two-year-old performances in the early part of the season were more than creditable, though he apparently trained off at last. The chances are against, rather than in favour of, a return to his best form, and there never was much room for improvement manifest in Mr. Crawford's colt, who we fancy will be found more at home over a shorter course and in lower class company.

Salteador was heavily backed for the Derby, but did not put in an appearance, and it is said that his hocks are none of the best, while he is also reported "touched in his temper." Still, he has done some smart things abroad, and comes of good stout blood on both sides, so that it will not do altogether to despise his chance of filling a place at the heels of one or two we consider possessed of more substantial claims to carry off St. Leger honours.

Visconti, like Sir Bevy's, traces backwards through Parmesan to the Sweetmeat blood, while his dam has proved herself a profitable purchase to Lord Rosebery. Like the Derby winner, too, Visconti is rather on the small side, but not nearly so strongly welded together, nor possessed of such power as the Rothschild crack. He rather reminds us of Parmesan himself while in training, and it would not in the least surprise us if he turned out as good a stayer, having regard to the manner in which he bettered his Two Thousand Guineas performance at Epsom. On the top of the ground, instead of through dirt, we should be inclined to regard his chance as by no means a despicable one, though we cannot class him so high as Wheel of Fortune and Sir Bevy's.

Maccaronea was a very beautiful yearling, but for some reason has only once sported the colours of her plucky purchaser, nor can we venture to hope that she will avenge the downfall of her half-brother, the handsome Beauclerc. Her own brother, Bonny Swell, could race a bit, and had a good look in for the Cambridgeshire one fine day, but he was no stayer; neither have any of the many smart horses thrown by her dam shown their liking for a distance of ground. For this reason we must discard the Malton filly for the St. Leger, hoping that she may make up in "short cuts" for Mr. Perkins, who heartily deserves a slice of luck.

Palmbearer, like Hermit, was rather a shabby-looking customer on the Derby day, his capped hocks and dilapidated quarter-sheet causing his chance to be held in very light esteem, save by knowing "Johnny" and a few connected with the stable. Most of The Palmers are good stayers, and all improve with time, so that Palmbearer may possibly show up better at Doncaster than at Epsom, and

he will certainly be better suited by the Northern course. Why he was rejected by Captain Machell we shall not pretend to inquire; but we have no doubt he is, as the vets. say, "practically sound," and a rough-and-ready customer, quite as likely to run up to his Derby form as any horse which competed in that race. Of Palmbearer's running at Stockton it may be best to take no notice, as it was far too bad to be true.

Ruperra, since his brilliant Ascot and Newmarket essays as a two-year-old, has cried "wolf" so many times that even his best friends refused at last to listen to rumours of improvement rife concerning the Green Lodge chesnut, whom his party were content to stand in the Derby, as well as subsequently at Ascot and Goodwood. On every occasion previous to the gathering at "old Ebor" last week Mr. Houldsworth's colt has cut up wretchedly, running in a languid, dragging, desultory style, suggestive of his constitution being unequal to the work required of him. As a natural consequence, very few of his former admirers had the courage to take even the long shots about him against Wheel of Fortune at York, where all were dumb-founded to see him do the unhopd-for trick in such uncommonly clever style. Since then a reaction in his favour has of course set in, but not to such an extent as to bring him upsides with the Derby and Oaks winners in the quotations, it being argued that his defeat of the latter was as fluky as Blair Athol's discomfiture by Miner, or that of Apology by Trent. There is, however, this difference in Ruperra's case, that whereas Miner and Trent never showed any pretensions to rank in the first class, the Green Lodge candidate may claim to have earned a certificate as A 1 in his two-year-old days. Nevertheless, we must admit the existence of an impression on our part that the York running was not quite true, and we are reluctant to pin our faith to such an uncertain customer as Ruperra, who, however, is quite well bred and good-looking enough to be enrolled among St. Leger winners, combining as he does so many stout as well as speedy strains of blood. Liola may run to help her stable companion, but we shall not regard her chance as anything but a forlorn one, so long as Ruperra continues in his well doing.

Wheel of Fortune's recent defeat at York has, of course, in some important respects, changed the current of our attempted forecast anent the race for the St. Leger; and we are bound to confess (strange as it may appear) that we should have thought less seriously of the overthrow of Lord Falmouth's filly had it been effected by some outsider of less formidable credentials than Ruperra. Apology's defeat by Trent has been cited by way of consolation to those who are still staunch in their allegiance to "the Wheel," but Trent never claimed to rank so high in the scale as Ruperra, who would now appear to have returned to his Ascot and Newmarket July form of last year. There is no saying to what extent this improvement, if it continues, may proceed, for all that Mr. Houldsworth's colt required was to lay on muscle and harden constitutionally in order to frame into the *beau ideal* of a St. Leger horse. Therefore we are compelled to hold him in wholesome respect, and as by far the most formidable opponent of Wheel of Fortune at Doncaster, believing that the latter has not deteriorated one whit (so as to bring her to the level of the common herd), but only that Ruperra has re-asserted the promise of excellence held out by him in his two-year-old days. The Great Yorkshire Stakes has been notorious for flukes, mistakes, and surprises, and last week's performance may be "of them"; so that we shall wait for another turn in the

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

to reverse her York running with *Ruperra*; while Count Lagrange's best may fight out the battle for third place with Robbie Burns and Sir Bevy's, the last-named of which we cannot bring ourselves to regard in so favourable a light as the betting at present indicates. The few remaining outsiders which invariably crop up at Doncaster require no further notice at our hands.

AMPHION.

P.S.—Since penning the foregoing remarks in the depths of "Wild Wales," beyond the reach of the usual channels of sporting information, an ominous opposition has been arrayed against Wheel of Fortune; but we trust her case is not so hopeless as it appears, though we no longer dare to rely upon Lord Falmouth's mare alone. Therefore our readers must regard RUPERRA as promoted to fill the Wheel's place in our affections, in case the Fates declare against her, and next to Mr. Houldsworth's colt we incline to the chance of Robbie Burns.

September 2.

ROBERT EUDE,

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By A. H. WALL.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued).

THE terrible stir and commotion caused in Loxley by the sudden mysterious disappearance of the Lady Joanna had not subsided when the last of the various searching parties came back, evidently unsuccessful, Earl William riding at its head. He had been eight hours in the saddle, and returning sad, weary, and sick at heart, rode very slowly up the steep winding road, listlessly swinging one armed foot, his chin upon his breast, his eyes fixed and downcast, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

Groups of men, women, and children, all excited and talkative, were suddenly silent as he rode by with his archers and men-at-arms, whom the groups of people followed, forming a great crowd looking at one another, sighing and speaking low, full of tenderness and compassion, for they all knew how long and fondly Earl Eude had loved his gracious Countess, and how dear they had been to each other. The soldiers answered their glances of inquiry as they rode past them with curving lips and slow negative movements of their heads, or expressed the hopelessness of the search by shrugging their shoulders and more emphatic head-shakings. So they all went up to the castle.

"They were like a cod of pese and peson" (meaning pea and peas) said one deeply sympathising woman, with a heavy sigh; "and now, poor soul, he hath not wife nor son."

You may be sure from what you know of the strange doings,

simple credulity, and extravagant imaginings of such ignorant, superstitious old times, that all sorts of wild rumours were speedily afloat. Of these the strangest was put about by Maud, a daughter of the castle warder and one of the Lady Joanna's chamber maids, who declared solemnly, that, being unable to sleep she arose in the night and distinctly saw her lady taken up into heaven by the Holy Virgin Herself, in a great blaze of yellow light. Strangely enough, her story was corroborated. For Hugh, my lord's miller, being also unable to sleep on that same night, wandered over the hill, merely to see the moon, and chancing to look up at the gate-tower of the castle from the side of the moat opposite it, saw the golden light, and the form of Lady Joanna shining in the midst of it, "just like an angel ready for flight." The sight put him "all in a cold sweat," he said, and when he got back to his mill he could not sleep for thinking of it. It is true, however, that Maud's father, the warder himself, laughed at their story, saying whatever Maud said Hugh would swear to, and whatever Hugh uttered was gospel to Maud. But that says little, for the warder's wife often tearfully admitted that her husband was a man without proper religious feeling, a dreadful disbeliever! Why more than once he had actually been heard to ridicule the awful fact that spilling salt brought bad luck, as everybody knew it did, a shocking piece of wickedness on his part, which gave his loving spouse great concern for his soul's safety.

After a lonely and cheerless meal, Earl William walked alone in the castle garden behind the hall, dreaming mournfully of his lost wife, of her stately beauty and loving eyes, her sweet voice, and of the many trying scenes of sorrow and danger in which her unselfish devotion and gentle goodness had played heroic parts; now working himself into a state of feverishness almost amounting to frenzy; now seated, stupefied with despair, in the arbour around which it had been her delight to twine sweet-scented flowering plants. He refused to see or speak with any of his knights or squires, sternly forbade John, the steward, priest though he was, to offer consolation to him, and remained alone either restlessly pacing the garden paths or absorbed in sad thoughts within the bower. At last he mounted a fresh horse and went out over the drawbridge, down the hill-side, where the townspeople followed him with anxious eyes and thoughts full of strange fears until he took the path Edith and John of the Heywood took up into the wood, where he was lost to sight.

Maud, the warder's daughter, was at the mill, where Hugh the Miller had his arm about her waist. They, like everybody else, had been talking of the Countess and her last appearance on the top of the gate tower, but the subject had changed.

"Will you come again to-night, and help me across the moat?"

"Truly will I," replied Hugh, pressing a kiss upon her willing lips.

"We shall have all the world to ourselves; no one to see us save the moon, love's best friend, for it sees all and says nothing," said she, laughingly adding "I can always get the postern key from father's girdle when he is asleep, and put it back before he wakes."

All at once they heard a great clamour of voices, cheers, and cries of joy and exultation, whereupon they parted, one running one way and one the other, but both in the same direction. And there was a glorious sight to see. All the people of Loxley and all the people of the castle gathered together in a great crowd, all, from the humblest to the highest, full of frantic delight, laughing, singing, uttering cries of gratulation, crowding and surging, pushing and squeezing, as they came up the hill, climbing the banks and running on before to mount the trees, all to get a glimpse of a handsome, brown-faced young soldier in a weather-stained, tattered cloak and a newly-grown beard, riding a sturdy-looking, ill-groomed grey steed, and bearing behind him, with her arms about his waist and her face bright with smiles of happiness, the missing Countess, his mother. He carried his bow behind him, his spear erect upon his mailed foot, and sat upon his saddle as straight.

Beside him, with her hand upon the bridle, and her eyes turned earthward, walked a tall, stern, ragged woman, thin and white, Edith of the Heywood, with her son, Little John, hailed with joyous acclamations by his playmates.

The pipers, hearing the news, brought forth their pipes and sent the glad tidings upwards and afar in a wildly-triumphant march; the trumpeters made the air quiver with blasts of welcome; the church bells broke into a merry peal.

"Jesu! how sweet a smile he has!" cried Maud from the branch to which she had mounted by the miller's aid.

And the miller, holding her petticoats together, looking up, whispered, "She was walking in her sleep, and must have crossed the plank while I was handing you down."

"I didn't hear her," whispered Maud, doubtfully.

"That might well be, for I saw nothing but you, and, look, she was bare of foot; see, they are bloody and torn."

Maud's pretty lips curved with a piteous expression as she looked upon her lady's shapely white feet, and then, turning her eyes upon her lover, she said softly, "It must never be known, Hugh; it is death to steal the warder's keys, and much I fear my father's sense of duty is so strong he scarce would shield me."

"It will never be known from me, Maud."

Nor was it. To the day of his death Robert Eude believed that he owed his rescue from the solitary outlaw's dreary life in woods and thickets to a miracle, wrought for love of his good and pious mother by Our Lady of Heaven in his direct behalf, and all Loxley, save only the miller and his love, as trustingly believed the same.

But now a new source of anxiety arose. The Earl had gone forth alone, a desperate man, his mind enfeebled by this great disaster, and who could tell with what intent?

Hurried messengers were despatched in search of him, but they met him on the way returning rapidly to know what these wild noises of rejoicing meant. How he galloped when he heard the news! what a wild fury of kissing and clasping was seen on the drawbridge and under the arch of the barbican when mother and son were pressed to the father and husband's joyously leaping heart! There was not a dry eye that witnessed it.

Here we pause. The reader may perchance exclaim with John, in Skelton's old play of *The Downfall of Robin, Earl of Huntingdon* :—

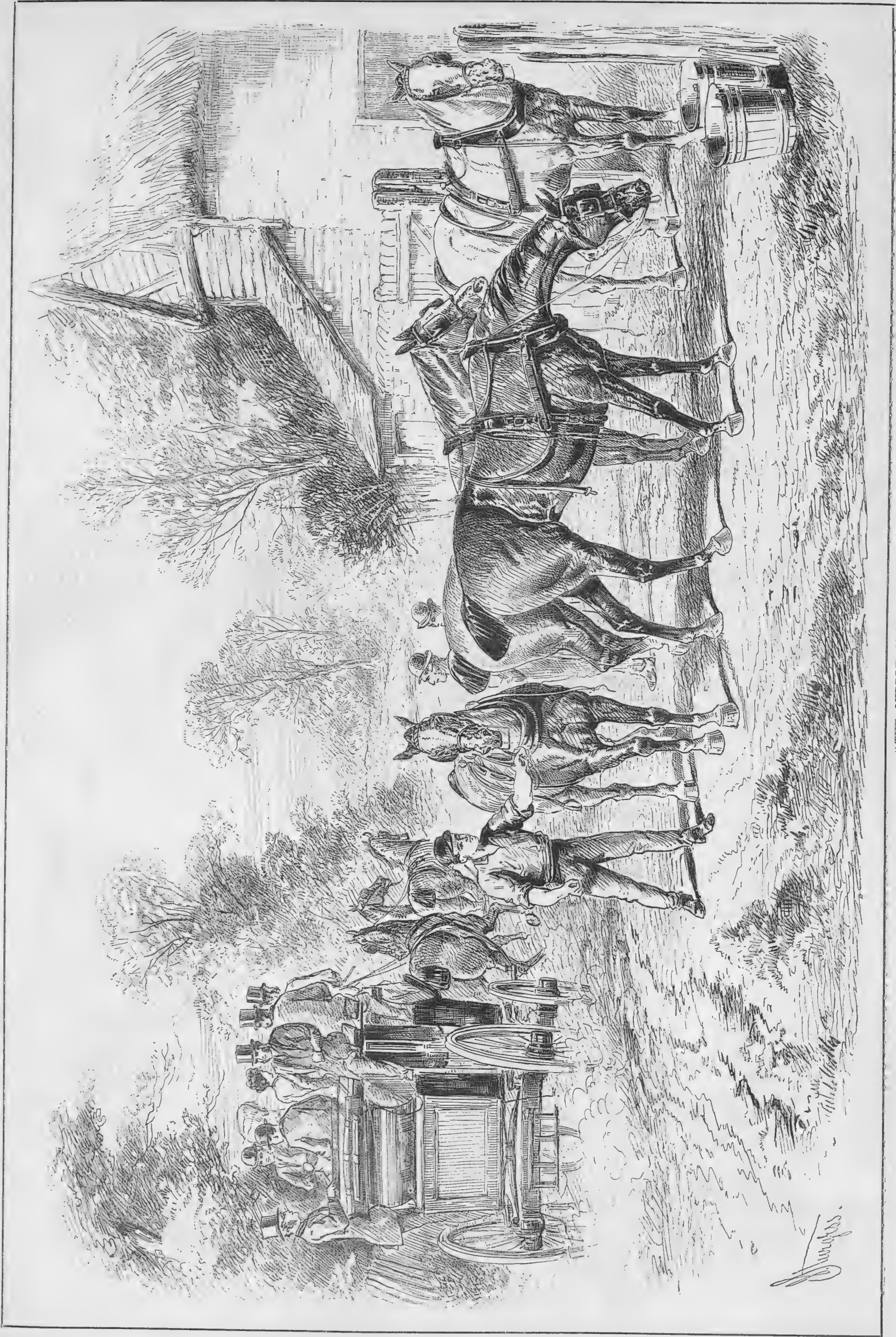
Methinks I see no jeasts of Robin Hoode,
No merry morrices of Friar Tuck,
No pleasant skippings up and downe the wodde,
No hunting songs, no coursing of the bucke:
Pray God this play of ours may have good lucke,
And the King's Majestic mislike it not!

If so, the author thereof can only reply as replies the Friar to John:—

For merry jeasts, they have bene showne before.

The long changeable life of Robert Eude, afterwards better known as Robin Hood, is here but little over the threshold of its strange and wild adventures; but the space the writer allotted himself for its story is filled. Should another opportunity come he may gladly continue and complete it, but for the present it is finished.

(Continued on page 618).



"THE MIDDLE GROUND."



"THE FIRST."

ROBERT EUDE.

(Continued from page 615.)

Chroniclers tell how, when Richard the First joined the Crusades, William, Earl of Preaux, believing the cause of Christianity was at stake, went with him, and on one memorable occasion played so grandly heroic a part that all Europe glorified his name. Tradition tells in ballad and legendary lore the most romantic stories of his brave son's daring deeds when the dreams of his boyhood were realised, when he had made good his boast to Edith in the cavern, and Hereward-like had established a camp of refuge for the starving poor and those wrongfully oppressed in "the good green-wood." That camp, despite every powerful effort made for its destruction, was so hemmed in by watchful guardians of all ranks and conditions in life, so strongly organised and so desperately defended, that it existed through the reigns of reckless Richard and unscrupulous John, and far into the long reign of weak-minded Henry III., in which the cause it sternly advocated was nobly won and English liberty was placed for the first time upon its only true foundation. His memory, shrouded for centuries in the hearts of a loving and grateful people, survived thousands of other records, oral and written, not by virtue of deeds in his day by no means rare or uncommon, but by virtue of the strong affection in which they were embalmed and enshrined by a people's gratitude. His grave on the steep green slope of a tall Yorkshire hill* still has its pilgrims, and I have sat under trees and rocks and old-world firesides in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire, listening to men and women to whom Robin Hood's adventures were as real as if they had occurred but yesterday and been recorded by all the newspaper press of England, who even then heard me recite with unfeigned sorrow the old sixteenth-century dirge with which Skelton concluded the first part of his once famous historical play:—

Weepe, weepe, ye woe-men, waile,
Your hands with sorrow wring;
Your master, Robin Hood, lies dead
Therefore sigh as you sing.
Here lies his primer and his beades,
His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,
His good sworde and his holy crosse:
Now cast on flowers fresh and greene.
And as they fall, shed teares and say,
Well a, well a day, well a, well a day!
Thus cast yee flowers, and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way.

Before this chapter closes the writer wishes to add something more, and more personal.

A little time ago, as it seems, when the author, now an old married man with a large family, was young and unmarried, he was possessed with a desire of plunging deeper than he had done into the history of his own noble countrymen. For it seemed to him that to accept all the glorious privileges and benefits won by the patient struggling and suffering of successive generations without care for, or interest in, the lives of those who did so much for him was a coldly and meanly selfish, if not an absolutely shameful thing. Therefore, he devoted one day in each week to the English people's history.

His plan was to make each century a separate, and, if possible, an exhaustive study; and having prepared quite a little army of classified note books, he systematically pursued his task for some time with benefit and enjoyment. On one of the days thus occupied it occurred to him, while pursuing certain genealogical investigations, that he was in a fair way of drawing out of tradition's misty regions into the clearer light of history no less famous a person than Robin, or Robert, Eude, Eudo, Oothe, Olo, Hude, Whood, or Hood—spelling and pronunciation appear to have been equally capricious in the Middle Ages. This prospect was so fascinating to him that he devoted himself to it exclusively.

Having no idea that he would ever write a book, his labour was purely one of love, and therefore records were often transcribed without citation of authorities. Circumstances intervened, and the self-imposed task was abandoned. Married, with cares and troubles fast thickening about him, all the poor fellow's time and energies were wanted for the barricading of his cottage-door against that proverbial wolf.

The time came when he, who had been living by pencil and brush, being dissatisfied with his progress, became a journalist and a contributor to the magazines; and, some years after, reviewing the aforesaid little army of notebooks, with some vague idea of making them the basis of a lecture, he determined to write this semi-historic story of Robert Eude, which has been published, as it has been written, week by week, in these columns.

Some day he hopes it will be carefully revised and re-written with many excisions, alterations, and additions, but for the present it has reached—

THE END.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EPILOGUE.

THE traditions which an entire people cherished lovingly in their memories century after century, handing them down from grandsire to father, and from father to son, are never the baseless fabrications some manufacturers of very new history on modern scientific principles try to persuade us they are.

Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, wrote "While England shall be England, Robin Hood will be a popular name." And although it is now the custom to ridicule even the idea of Robin Hood's actual existence, and sneer down the testimony of ancient ballads and local traditions, it is difficult to conceive a time when the bold outlaw's adventures, in which peasants and princes have found delight, and generations of poets, dramatists,

* A drawing from it by the author has been published in this paper.

and novelists inspiration, will be altogether forgotten. His name has won too secure a position in our standard literature, and is associated too strongly with spots in nearly every county in England, for that day ever to exist.

In Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, Somersetshire, Berkshire, Gloucestershire, and Cumberland, are places inseparably connected with the name of Robin Hood. And in the places thus associated, we find much giving strength and probability to the idea of a body of skilled marksmen hunted from place to place, now seeking sanctuary, now standing at bay, now securely hiding, and now driven out to sea from a land too "hot" to hold them. In some—as at "Robin Hood's Bed" (or lair) in Lancashire—of which I have given a sketch in these pages—nature supplied fortresses from which it must have been extremely desperate, if not hopeless work, to dislodge them.

The popular idol living, Robin became, when dead, the poor man's saint. A festival was allotted to him, and in honour of his memory solemn games were instituted; which, although vulgarised and degraded by ignorance, were in existence when Shakespeare wrote. Bishop Latimer, in a sermon delivered before Edward VI., speaking of a day when he went to a certain place to preach, says he found there instead of "a great company in the church, the church door fast locked," and sending for "the keyes" was accosted by one of the parish, who said "Syr, thys ys a busy day with us; we cannot heare you—it is Robyn Hooode's Day; the parishe is gone abroad to gather for Robyn Hooode." And so the good old archery-loving preacher "was fayne to give place to Robyn Hooode," hundreds of years after that famous outlaw's death, so lasting and so true was England's love for its most popular hero.

Not long ago some theory-inventing archaeologists, who regarded scepticism as the sign of superior wisdom, did their best to destroy all that remained of England's love for the grand old English archer by asserting, some that he was a mere vulgar thief and brutal ruffian of the Dick Turpin type, and others that he never had any real existence. And people, who, in these days of time-exacting business and pleasure, use second-hand opinions to escape the trouble of manufacturing new ones, have made it quite fashionable to pooh-pooh the old Robin Hood ballads and traditions as mere fables; while others with a reverence for law, which has almost degenerated into superstition, profess to be shocked at the idea of glorifying and preserving the memory of an outlaw or robber. It was, I think, Sir John Harrington who wrote:—

Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

The life-long battle Robin fought was for that cause which ultimately triumphed in the signing of Magna Charta and the Charta de Foresta, the laws he broke were fruitful of glaring wrongs and horrible cruelties, which, put down by the stronger hands of successors, building on his foundations, won them names imperishable as those of patriots and great national benefactors.

The existence of Wallace, the patriotic outlaw hero of ancient Scottish history, and a far less worthy hero, rests upon evidence precisely similar to that which is the basis of a belief in English Robin Hood; and Wallace has a statue or two.

"The name of Robin Hood," said Sir Walter Scott (a little inconsistently, perhaps), "if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy, and the patriots of England should deserve no less their renown in our modern circles than the Bruces and Wallaces of Caledonia."

Historians still exist who solemnly believe that the farther you are away from an object the more distinctly you see it. When distance has obliterated the details of event they ignore its existence—a convenient, lazy, but hardly philosophical method. The opinions of, and the belief our ancestors had in the existence of this or that is, in their estimation, of less value than our belief, because they were so near, and we are so far. There was none of this curiously egotistical scepticism a generation or two after the death of Robin Hood, in 1362, or about that time when "The Vision of Piers Plowman" was written, and its author made one "Sloth" so shockingly ignorant that he could neither repeat his Pater-noster nor the usual hymns to Our Lady and Our Lord, although he was perfectly ready to

—rhyme of Robin Hood and Randolph Earl of Chester.

Whether any of the rhymes Sloth knew are now extant, or not, we cannot say; but in the oldest of what are known as the Robin Hood Ballads we may be quite sure, at the least, that their spirit and incidents are faithfully embodied. A popularity, then so extensive, demonstrates a much earlier origin, and may easily land us in the days of Richard and John, the first kings of their name.

In all those admittedly very ancient "rhymes" which, moreover, bear internal evidence of their antiquity, we have pictures of a rude warlike time and people; but nothing outrageously incredible or extravagant; in which respect they contrast favourably with other rhyming chronicles, and with the more pretentious prose chronicles of the old monks. The chivalrous spirit of knight and squire breathes in every line of them, tempering, dignifying, and giving character to a thoroughly English delight in justice, free sport, fair fighting, and faithful brotherhood. Robin, as we see him in these rhymes, has nothing in common with the brutalised and degraded clown, or the oppressed, down-trodden, coarse-natured yeoman of his time. His personal character is that of the ancient knight or gentleman, courteous, hospitable, with a tender reverence for women, and a hatred of tyranny and oppression. He was the poor man's friend when the poor were never so friendless and uncared for. He relished a good practical joke as heartily as the sturdy old English squire of the last century did. He was as proud to endure as to dare, took a sound drubbing as patiently as modern English prize fighters did, detested hypocrisy, scorned cowardice, was faithful to death in loving his friends, and never turned his back upon a foe. Such a character is perfectly consistent and natural. It was once nobly and thoroughly English. Nobody doubted its reality once. Why do so many doubt it now? It belonged to

the old days in which Robin Hood is commonly said to have lived just as distinctly as that of the indolent, enervated, effeminate pleasure-slaves nicknamed "Crutch and Tooth-pick Brigade" do to the present day.

As we pass through the centuries downward, we find no loss of confidence in the traditions of Robin Hood, and their popularity never decreases until we reach our own day. Amongst the earliest plays put upon the stage we have those of Robin Hood, some apparently embodying traditional statements of which we have now no other record. Amongst the earliest of printed books, English and Scottish, is that of the Robin Hood ballads. We find his name in musty old law records, and for centuries "Robin Whood in Barn' woodstod (qy. Barn' [scale] wood)" was a quotation of great but mystic import amongst the lawyers of Westminster Hall. A petition to Parliament in 1439, drawn up against one Piers Venables, of Aston, in Derbyshire, says:—"Having no lifode, ne sufficente of goodes," he "gadered and assembled unto him many misdoers, beyng of his clothynge, and, in manere of insurrection, wente into the wodes in that countre, like as it hadde be Robyn Hode and his mene."* When Charles I. dismissed the Parliamentary Commissioners from Oxford, and they asked to know the nature of the sealed reply he gave them, the King replied—"And if I will send you the song of Robin Hood and Little John, you must carry it." Nothing more common or popular than these old-world rhymes was then in His Majesty's mind. Fordun records the existence of Robin Hood in his *Scotichronicon* of 1378; Mair does so in his *Historia Majoris Britannie* of 1512; and some of our most ancient national proverbs and sayings owe their existence to his name and peculiar reputation.

Spreading from age to age throughout the land it was scarcely to be expected that traditions so long orally preserved could retain unimpaired or undistorted all their original features. The imaginative would exaggerate; the forgetful would substitute this or that for another place or name; the ignorant would introduce fresh elements of confusion; and the careless would repeat their blunders or omissions. The ballads, moreover, would change complexion by travelling to other countries, and in their progress through centuries on their way to the safe harbours of our printed literature many inconsistencies and contradictions would, almost of necessity, arise. The wonder is that they are so few. But some of these are so readily detected and accounted for, and all of them are clearly just the kind with which traditions so ancient would be most naturally associated, that they cannot in fairness justify the conclusion that they had no real foundation in facts.

In the foregoing story is embodied a large quantity of material, demonstrating the reality of Robin Hood's life and adventures, facts to which fictions have been rendered humbly subordinate, in the hope that the writer might thereby achieve something akin to that success which Cooper, the painter, won in his picture of "The Battle of Bosworth."

As you may not have heard the story of that famous painting, I append it. Mr. Planché told it in one of his books:—

Cooper had consulted Sir Samuel Meyrick to learn how Richard's horse should be caparisoned, and the reply of the learned antiquarian filled him with dismay. For the painter's chief object was to display his special skill in the painting of "White Surrey" (Richard's war-horse), and Sir Samuel's answer was:—

"In silk housings from his ears to his hoofs!"

The painter had determined to sacrifice fact to fancy, when another communication from the antiquary altered his mind.

"You tell me," said Sir Samuel, "that the moment chosen, for your picture is that in which Richard made his last desperate charge, and slew Sir John Cheney, Richmond's standard-bearer. Now as this was at the close of the battle, the comparisons would probably by that time have been cut and torn to shreds, and the colour and anatomy of the horse might be rendered sufficiently visible for your purpose."

"The acute artist," says Mr. J. R. Planché, "jumped at the suggestion;" and he adds, "Look, reader, at the result!—the silken housings, rent to ribbons, streaming in the wind, add action to the horse, tell a terrible tale of the fury of the fight, and completely satisfy the archaeologist, while they display the peculiar genius of the painter and give additional effect to the picture."

You must be kind enough to excuse me for seeking in this anecdote a little self-encouragement. The path I have tremblingly ventured upon, after much hesitation, is one wherein many more experienced travellers have missed their way. I was from the first quite aware—indeed, painfully conscious—of the difficulties encountered by novelists who endeavour to awaken an interest in times so estranged from our own by great changes of manners, ideas, sentiments, and feelings; and I had no little horror of being dull and clumsy. But I took my chance; the play was written, the performers dressed for their parts, scenes set, the curtain rung up by the prompter (our worthy publisher), and the first act commenced. Now the curtain is down, and the author goes home wondering whether the critics have noticed him, and, if so, what they are saying, hoping and fearing, but, on the whole, glad—as my readers may be also—that the trial is over.

* Rot. Parl. v. 16.

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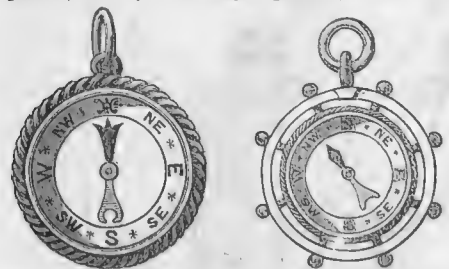
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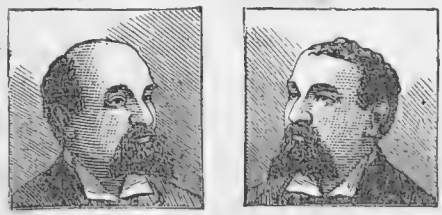
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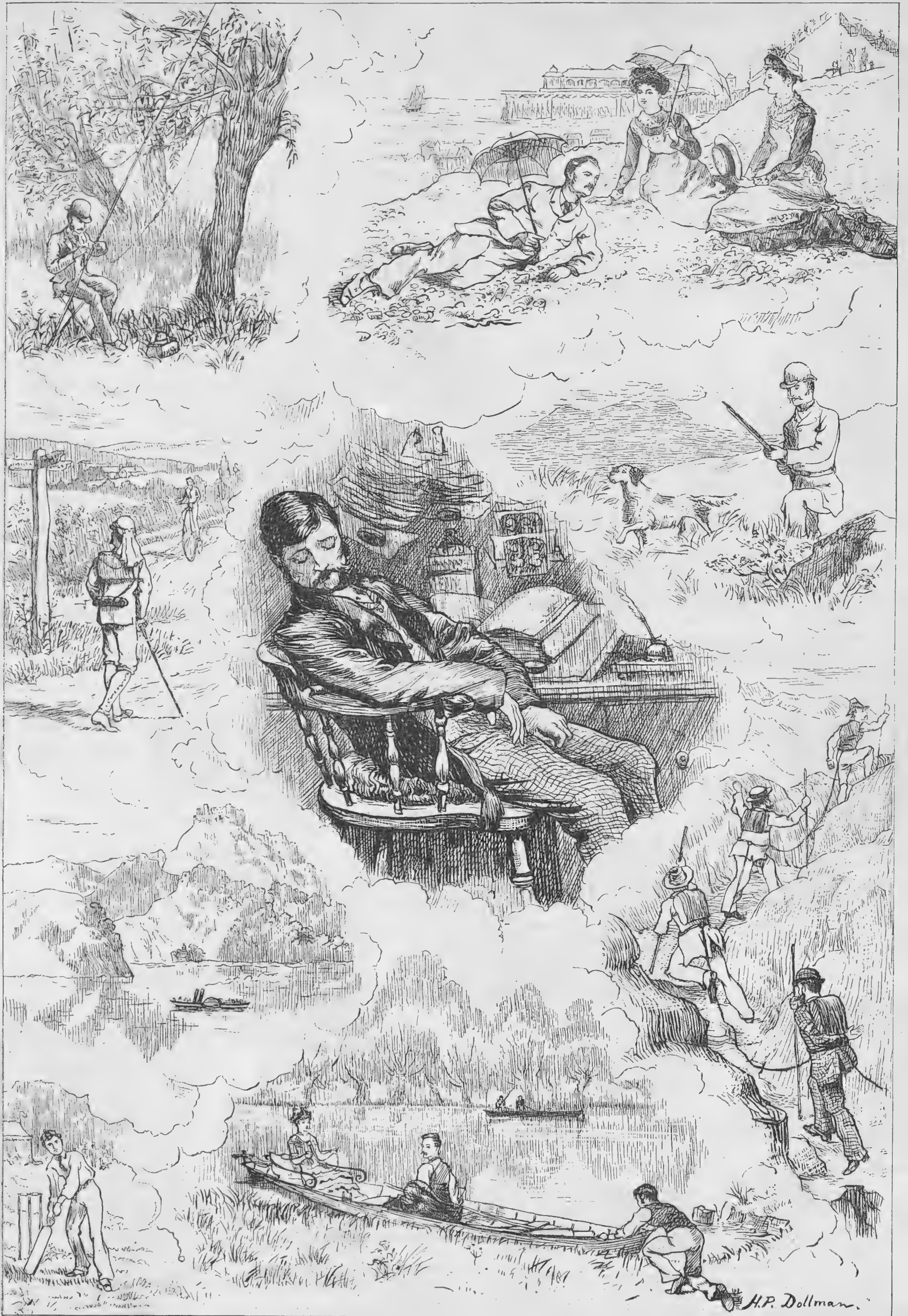
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DREAMING OF HIS HOLIDAYS.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

MAYOWATHA.

"AN IDYLL OF THE BACKWOODS."

If you ask me of the backwoods,
Where the pine masts spread sweet odours,
Where great Nature's heart is warmest,
Where she nurses her pet offspring,
Shielding buds from softest breezes,
Whilst outside in wildest fury,
By the hurricanes of heaven
Torn from earth are mighty beech trees,
I would answer, I would tell you
That I thought the whole thing fiction,
And the boundless "cheeild of Nature,"
Whom they call the Backwoods ranger,
But a fraud and an impostor.
I have taken draughts of "Cooper"—
Fenimore, the bland Romancer
(Not the beverage dear to Cockneys),—
And I fail to learn from travellers
That his words were spoken truly.
They have said it, they have bet it,
Laying many dollars on it,
That he is a "cussed critter,"
Only made to thief and swagger;

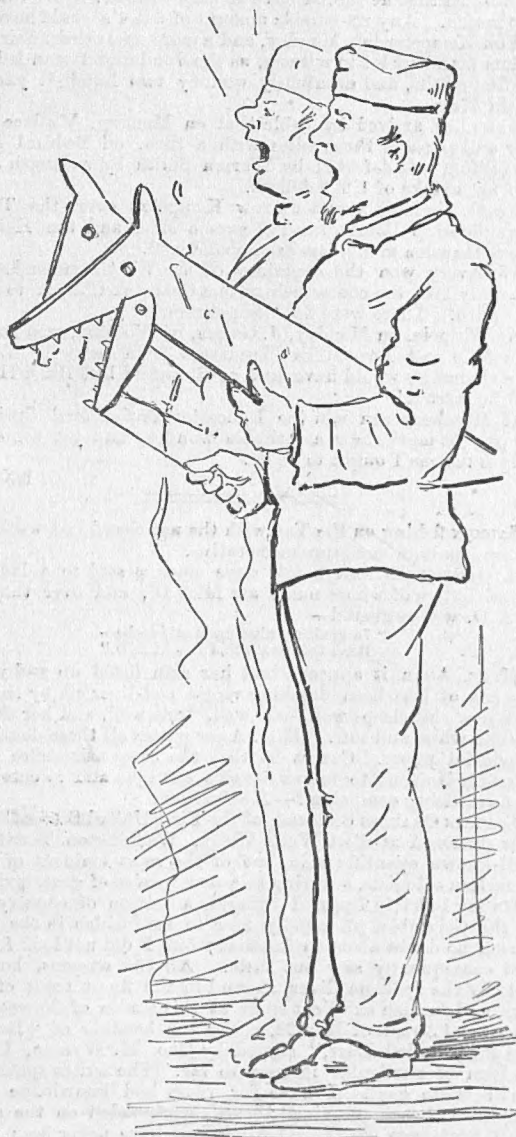


The born image of the picture
Which above this is presented
(Not the Mohican's historian,
But the Backwoods' festive champion).
This is what I thought and swore by
When in days of deepest darkness,
Knew no better, nor was wiser
I, of matters which I speak of.
But there came with timely rescue,
Aiding greatly with his gambols,
Histrionic Francis Mayo
("Frank," for short in the profession),
Showed us how the Backwoods loafer
Was the sweetest thing in nature.
"Davy Crockett," Cockaloram!
Big of chest and large of muscle,
Clad in natty Indian costume,
Cut according to the latest
Notions of the Poole of Prairies.
With a large expansive bosom,
And a neck of massive structure,
Naked, all for exhibition,
Heeding not the silly strictures
Of the Chamberlain so prudish.
He upon the native heather
Of the old Olympic bounded,
Breathing full the air of heaven,
Tainted with the heat of footlights.
Fanny Josephs, Ducky-ducky,
What a lesson you have taught us,
Thus upon your stage historic,



MAYOWATHA.

Planting this great child of Nature,
With his little cap of squirrel skin,
And its floating tail of fox-hair.
Who could possibly resist him—
This Apollo of the Prairies!



In this silliest of seasons,
When the wet has washed the valour
Out of every pleasure-seeker,
Here at least the heart is gladdened,
With the manly tones of virtue—

Virtue, six feet in its sock-soles
Towering high above the people,
Who about the stage do stumble
In and out amongst the brambles
And the lovely-odoured brakewood
Of the scenic artist's canvas.

See this Mr. David Crockett,
Of the noted firm of Trappers,
Stride about the stage and utter
Sentiments of highest purport,
With a twang of nasal sweetness
That might rend Mark Twain asunder.
See him make the hair of Clarkson's
Hired wigs erect their fibres
On the heads of humble players,
Who as merely "stop-gaps" act here
In the play of *Davy Crockett*—
Well described on scented programmes
As "an Idyll of the Backwoods."
See him bar, with arm all naked,
Doors that cannot boast a Chubb's lock,
Keeping out the chilly paper
Which for snow is flung at actors;
Keeping out the hungry demons
Who for wolves are doing duty:
These, the wolves, who at the side-wing
Stand and howl and drop their H's,
Every now and then desisting,
That they may—to be more useful—
Shift the lumbering bits of landscape,
Or, by shaking tin, make thunder.
See him in his softer moments,
Making love with dulcet speeches;
Winning heiresses of fortunes
From the lurements of a villa,
With an adequate arrangement
Of the customary comforts—
To the highly ventilated
Home of honest Davy Crockett,
In the forest of the pine trees,
With its waving graceful branches,
Set in grooves marked P. and O.P.



See him clasp his precious treasure,
Little Ritta—Chickabiddy!
To his manly heaving bosom,
And from off his shoulder brushing
Rouge that from her cheek has severed,
You behold him, you observe him.
Ponder well these things within you;
Then stand forth and boldly tell us
Is not this the life to follow?—
This of noble Davy Crockett,
With his little cap of squirrel skin,
And its waving plume of fox-hair.
With his mighty breast all naked
(Powdered well to be effective)—
And give thanks to Mayowatha,
Mighty actor from the West land,
Who has taught us that the brother
From the Backwoods is "a crittur"
That cannot be matched in "natur."

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

No truer sign that the cricket season is gradually dying away can be found than the appearance in my contemporaries of the usual autumnal statistics. The list of county engagements is at an end, and, in fact, the season proper is concluded, the programme being only spun out by a series of club meetings, &c., which, to the season proper, bear the same comparison as the slow murmuring of the thunder at the conclusion of a storm does to the heavy claps when it is at its height.

As was generally anticipated, the Scarborough match, Gentlemen of the North v. Gentlemen of the South, resulted this evening in a draw. South went in first, and thanks to 45 from W. G. Grace, 33 each from Hon. Ivo Bligh and C. J. Thornton, with 31 from W. H. Hadow, they ran up the fine score of 231, no fewer than 43 extras being included in that total. Still better was the performance of the Northerners, as only two failed to get into double figures, A. N. Hornby 49, A. G. Steel 47, and W. F. Forbes 45 conducting in no slight degree to the 243 which appeared on the telegraph board when the last wicket fell. In their second innings South made but 146, Hon. Ivo Bligh, 55, alone making a stand, and then North essayed the task of obtaining the 135 runs required for a win. A. N. Hornby and T. S. Drury went to the wickets, and the partnership was not dissolved by the running out of the latter until 30 runs had been put together. A. G. Steel then followed in, and he and Hornby hit the bowling all over the field, but "time" put a stop to play just as the century was hoisted.

Jockeys. Press return is to take place at Prince's on Saturday, when the knights of the pen seem to be likely to more deserve their title than of late, i.e., if all those advertised to compete do so.

At the time of writing, the long-distance bicycle championship at the Agricultural Hall is only half over, and therefore I need only state that at twelve o'clock on Wednesday evening the score was—Waller, 744 miles 4 laps; Terront, 730 miles 8 laps; Higham, 670 miles 7 laps; Cann, 606 miles 6 laps; Pagis, 540 miles; Thresher, 510 miles; Leeming, 454 miles; Andrews, 266 miles (stopped). Cann unfortunately fell during the early morning of Monday, but I shall give full details next week.

C. C. Pounds, 12 sec. start, won the Members' 160 Yards Challenge Cup of the Cadogan S.C. on Wednesday evening, Bruce Goldie, 27 sec, being within a yard and a half of him.

Officers' races formed no inconsiderable portion of the bill of fare at the Woolwich Garrison sports last Monday and Tuesday. Lieut. E. A. Armitage won the Hurdles, and ran second in both the Quarter of a Mile and 100 Yards, which fell respectively to Lieut. W. Paget, R.A., and Lieut. H. E. Baker, 1st Batt. 23rd Royal Irish Fusiliers. A very powerful team of Garrison officers, led by Captain Anstruther, beat the R.H.A. and Field Artillery in the Tug of War. The mounted contests I shall notice next week.

Thanks to the grand bowling of W. Mycroft, who in the second innings took eight wickets in twenty-two overs, fifteen maidens, at a cost of only thirteen runs, M.C.C. and Ground beat the Revellers at Lord's last Friday and Saturday, after having apparently the worst of it. Full scores: M.C.C., 78 and 103; Revellers, 126 and 43.

On the 19th and 20th of August a match, Canada v. America, was played at Ottawa, Ontario, Canada West, when the "Yanks" gave the representatives of the Dominion a rare beating, making 108 and 60 for the loss of five wickets, against 85 and 82. Dan Newhall, for the winners, taking no fewer than eight wickets for 61 runs, and "Charlie" of that ilk eleven for 77 runs.

Sussex had their usual luck at Brighton the back end of last week, being beaten by Leicestershire by exactly a hundred runs, the visitors getting 113 and 126 to their opponents' 60 and 79. C. Marriott, for the winners, made 11 and 75.

Football in July sounds rather strange, but on the first of that month the first annual intercolonial match between the representatives of Victoria and South Australia was played on the East Melbourne Cricket Ground, and close upon 5,000 persons witnessed the struggle, which resulted in a hollow victory for the Victorians by seven goals to none.

J. Shepherd and R. Haydock, a couple of Salford lads, sculled a match for a tanner on the Irwell, from Throstle Nest to Regent's-road Bridge, about a mile, but the latter, on whom odds of 3 to 1 were laid at the start, won anyhow.

That popular below-bridge society, the Curlew R.C., concluded their season on Saturday last with a four-oared race for the Ladies' Prize, from Millwall Dock to Cubitt Town Pier, about a mile and three-quarters. Three crews started, stroked respectively by F. Fenner, H. T. Dearsley, and C. H. Jeffree, and they finished in the order named.

Kingston Rowing Club Regatta took place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last. A. L. Salmon won the Senior Sculls, J. E. Bowen the Junior, A. Colledge's crew the Fours, and R. Collum and C. D. Heatley the Pairs.

Will Hanlon and Courtney meet this year? appears to be the great question "across the streak" amongst rowing men. A real good judge assures me that if they do, the conqueror of Elliott will have to play second fiddle.

Owing to an unavoidable delay of the notice in the post, my notes of the Otter Swimming Club's weekly race were omitted last week, and I therefore combine them with this one's. On the 26th ult. the attraction was a ten lengths of the Marylebone Baths, otherwise 245 Yards Handicap, when some fine racing took place. In the first heat C. E. Macrae, 38sec start, beat H. P. Gardner, 25sec, by eight yards, in 4min 31sec; S. Willis, 25sec, won the second, in 4min 3sec, beating A. P. Stokes, 15sec, and E. L. Cleaver, 32sec; C. Newman, 25sec, the third, defeating A. H. Bingham, 35sec, and C. L. O'Malley, scratch, in 4min 2sec; and W. R. Sewell, 45sec, the fourth from R. S. Cahill, 5sec, in 4min 10sec. In the final, Newman won by a couple of yards, from Willis, who finished a yard in front of Macrae and Sewell, who swam a dead heat for third place. Time, 3min 54 1-5sec. Last Tuesday the attraction was a Four Lengths Hurdle Handicap, and although this was the twentieth race the members have indulged in this season, no fewer than fourteen out of an entry of twenty faced the starter, a very satisfactory result to the handicapper, Mr. H. J. Green, the champion amateur ornamental swimmer, and again some fine sport was shown, T. R. Sachs being starter, and his brother Frank judge. Heat 1: R. S. Cahill, 2sec, 1; E. C. Macrae, 14sec, 2; C. Humphries, 15sec, 0; R. L. Pugh, 18sec, 0. Macrae led 8 yards from home; Cahill, however, just landed by a touch. Time, 1min 17 2-5sec. Heat 2: A. H. Burton, 5sec, 1; G. F. Nixon, 8sec, 2; Percy Moore, 17sec, 0. All were level at the last hurdle. Burton scrambled over first, and just defeated Nixon by a touch; Moore only half a yard behind. Time, 1min 25 1-5sec. Heat 3: R. S. Creaton, 5sec, 1; C. West, 22sec, 2—won by 5 yards. Time, 1min 22sec. Heat 4: A. H. Bingham, 14sec, 1; G. H. Rope, 9sec, 2; C. Newman, 6sec, 1; H. P. Gardner, 8sec, 1. Bingham kept his lead and won by 2 yards; the others were almost level at the last hurdle; Rope just defeated the dead heaters by a touch. Time, 1min 33sec. Final heat: Cahill, 1; Bingham, 2; Creaton, 3; Burton, 0. A splendid race resulted in Cahill's favour by a bare yard, 4 between second and third. Time, 1min 17 4-5sec.

In connection with the "Otters," a very pleasing occurrence took place at the Holborn Restaurant last Friday evening. For many years Mr. Sydney Willis has acted as hon. sec. of the society, and undoubtedly much of the credit of its prosperity is due to him. Having at length decided upon joining the noble army of benefactors, the idea of presenting him with a testimonial was mooted and at once closed with, Mr. George Rope, a veteran member, being entrusted to collect subscriptions, &c. The result of this was that on the evening mentioned at a complimentary dinner Mr. Willis was presented by the members with a handsome drawing-room clock and an epergne, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Sydney Willis, on the occasion of his marriage, by the members of the Otter Swimming Club, in recognition of his many valuable services as hon. sec. for many years past, and as a token of their respect and esteem. Sept. 4, 1879."

Yet another exodus of cricketers took place on Saturday last, when a team of Irish gentlemen players sailed in the Cunard steamer for New York on a tour through the States. The names of the Emeralds, with their engagements, are as follows:—Sir G. Colthurst, Messrs. J. Adair, C. Barrington, H. Considine, H. Hamilton, N. Hone, L. Hone, W. Hone, W. Hone, jun., A. Marsh, F. Mann, D. Trotter, and A. Exham. Rylott accompanies them as umpire. The following matches have been already arranged, viz.:—St. George's Club, New York, 16th and 17th September; Staten Island, 19th and 20th September; New York clubs combined, 22nd and 23rd September; Philadelphia, 25th, 26th, and 27th.

Perhaps my readers will be interested in the following extract from a Sydney paper:—

"Mr. Farnell moved that this House will, on Friday next, resolve itself into a committee of the whole to consider of an address to the Lieutenant-Governor, praying that His Excellency will be pleased to cause to be placed on the additional estimates for this year a sum of money in recognition of the services rendered by those members of the Australian cricket team belonging to this colony who recently visited Great Britain and America. He said the debate could be taken in committee.

"Mr. Watson said the Government would have no objection to allowing this motion to go into committee, but it must be understood that they did not bind themselves to support it.

"Mr. Dillon, Mr. Copeland, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. McElhone, and Mr. O'Connor severally opposed the motion going into committee.

"The proceedings were interrupted by the want of a quorum, and the Speaker finding no quorum present, adjourned the House, at twenty-six minutes to six, until Tuesday. The following members were in the Chamber when the House was counted out:—Sir Henry Parkes, Messrs. F. Sutton, Watson, Windeyer, Baker, Cameron, Hoskins, Greenwood, Garrett, Day, Bowman, Bennett, W. Browne, Coonan, Jacob, Johnston, Farnell, Fitzpatrick, and O'Connor."

Tom Taylor, the billiard professional, has often been put about as a tolerably good sprinter, but that finessing over his intended match to run a quarter of a mile, for a hundred, in sixty seconds, at Lillie-bridge, on Monday, does not look much like it.

Since the Hanlon v. Elliott match things aquatic in the professional line have been very quiet, and, therefore, it is with a certain amount of relief that I find that I have a genuine match to draw attention to in the engagement between Joseph Kempster, of Sunderland, and J. M. Feeley, of Barrow-in-Furness, who, on Monday last, sculled over the Tyne Championship course for a stake of two hundred sovereigns a side. These two men met on the seventh of last July, when Feeley was beaten by half-a-dozen lengths in 29min 8secs after a hardly contested race, but as he had only recently recovered from a severe illness, his friends determined that he should have another chance; hence the present match. Any reasonable amount of 6 to 4's would have been laid on Kempster last Monday, and a more one-sided affair it has seldom been our lot to witness, as the Sunderland man led from the first stroke, and eventually won by two hundred yards in 33min 57sec.

News has arrived by cable that on Monday, Wallace Ross, over a distance of three miles with a turn, on Bedford Basin, at Halifax, was defeated by Warren Smith by a length and a half for a stake of 1,000 dollars.

Frank Emmett wants to row Kempster over the Thames Championship Course for 100 sovs a side, and the Kempster versus Hawdon match has been abandoned.

W. Avery won the captaincy of the West London S.C., on Saturday last, the course being from Chiswick Church to Hammersmith. There were five competitors.

At Walpole, on Monday, J. Gagen, of Wootton, won both the One Mile and Two Miles Handicaps from scratch. What a rare chance he would have had at Stamford last Bank Holiday had he started!

If Hutchens can win the Doncaster Professional Sprint, off his present mark, he is a veritable wonder, and yet some good judges tell me I ought to be on.

EXON.

SALMON fishing on the Tay with the net closed last week. The season has been most unremunerative.

A GENTLEMAN sent a few days since a seal to a lady, the initial letters of whose name are M.A.D., and over the letters M.A.D. was engraved—

"In madness pleasure's said to be—
Read this you'll find I'm M.A.D."

Mlle. AGAR, it appears, had her skin dried up and yellow. She has of late been drinking virgin cod-liver oil by the litre, and now she sleeps well, eats well, feels well, and her skin has become white and soft. Mlle. Agar writes all these details in a provincial paper. Can it be that the ex-pensionnaire of the Français is about to follow Sarah's example and to enter upon an advertising campaign?—*The Parisian*.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BENDIRE, of the First United States Cavalry, now stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, a well-known scientific man, one of the most eminent of North American oölogists, referring to a new species of goat, writes:—"On my last trip I passed through a section of country north of the Columbia, principally new to me, which in the proper season no doubt abounds in game; but I did not look for any, and consequently saw but little. All the streams, however, notably the Ipokane River, abound in the finest trout of large size, and furnish excellent sport at this season of the year. In *Forest and Stream* of May 22, under the heading of "Range of the Black-tailed Deer," signed by Geo. H. Wyman, I notice an item of particular interest to me. The writer speaks of a small white goat. I have for years had knowledge of the existence of such an animal; have corresponded on the subject with Professors Baird and Allen, but have never been able to see one or obtain the skin of one. I am perfectly familiar with the ibex and the bighorn, have hunted both of the latter, and am satisfied at least in my own mind from descriptions received from different parties out here, that we have still another species of white goat considerably smaller than the ibex and which has a much finer fleece. This goat is something like our red trout out here—hard to get specimens under the observation of competent naturalists—but the day will come when some one will forward good specimens for examination.

TURFIANA.

No movement towards ensuring a clean Bill of Health for the Turf could have been attended with happier results than the periodical publication of the names of horses and owners in the forfeit list in the pages of the sheet "Calendar." Since this wise resolve was acted upon we have taken the trouble to watch the effects of its working, and have noted with extreme satisfaction the gradually diminishing roll-call of defaulters from time to time, until we are entitled to hope that its proportions will become insignificant enough to make the black list what mathematicians term a "vanishing quantity." Some few old and brazen offenders of course still linger among casual and accidental transgressors; but even these seem to be dropping off one by one, friends in many cases coming to the rescue for very shame at seeing those connected with them so conspicuously shown up in the recording broad sheet issuing from Burlington-street. This is all as it should be; and if steps could be taken to post thus publicly defaulters in respect of bets another great reform would be effected, and we fancy the list of "missing accounts" from week to week would be a highly interesting and instructive commentary on doings at the clubs and in the ring. But "united action" is apparently unknown in professional betting circles, or else we should have been witnesses by this time of some wholesome radical changes, often suggested, but as often suffered to go to the wall for lack of a little pushing and stirring.

Already we perceive attempts have been made at speculation upon the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, proceedings with quite a smack of old times about them; and there is undoubtedly more done in regard to these two races than on any other events of the year, so far as the scope taken by betting on them is concerned. We shall be curious in the extreme to learn Messrs. Weatherby's estimate of certain French horses both in the long and short races.

If backers tasted the sweets of "real jam" in some cases at York last Thursday, they were at any rate not unmixed with the bitters of more than one "moral" ruthlessly upset. Hermia for the Harewood Plate was doubtless the good thing of the day, though Flavius carried the most metal; and we fancy Robert Peck had tried Duke of Cumberland highly enough to make the Gimerack a certainty for this first good winner by George-Frederick, whose dam, Couleur de Rose, is among the Cobham "century" of mares on sale the week after next. Bishop Burton, the least fancied of the trio which contested the Consolation Scramble, won that event easily enough; but the York Cup was a regular facer for the talent, who stood Jannette to a man, as well they might do, seeing that Touchet was no glutton, and Roehampton, a "mere handicap horse, sir!" Snowden got Mr. Perkins' colours first past the post for all that, and thus another descendant of Lord Clifden avenged the defeat of the Oaks and St. Leger heroine of 1878, who seems never to have "blossomed" this year. But this repulse sustained by Lord Falmouth was as nothing compared to the defeat of Wheel of Fortune by Ruperra in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and folks might well begin to doubt whether 4lbs. less on the filly's back at Doncaster would enable her to turn the tables on Mr. Houldsworth's colt. At any rate, the chances of Visconti, Ryerski, and Maccaronea were snuffed out in the most decisive fashion; and the "sneaking fondness" for Robbie Burns was further enhanced when Mycene polished off Melton and Muscatel so handsomely in the Queen's Plate. Prefect, another of the Doncasters, was served up hot for the Colt Sapling Stakes, but Napsbury (one of the improving sort) just did him by a head at the finish.

With regard to the forthcoming bloodstock sales at Doncaster we can do no better than present our readers with the reprint from an article in *Baily's Magazine*, entitled "Changing Pastures," and we append a separate notice of lots not mentioned in the article to which allusion has been made, and which we here introduce.

"Mr. Cookson's lot, of course, furnish the great attraction for Thursday morning, when Neasham will be represented by three colts worthy to sustain the reputation of their birthplace on the banks of Tees, with which so many mighty names in racing lore have been associated in the long period during which their owner has been before the public as a breeder. Lady Audley, the dam of Pilgrimage and Pellegrino (who, by the way, has visited her old love The Palmer at Graditz this year), seems to throw good goals to all her consorts, and we take it her colt by Hermit will be difficult to match at Doncaster, while it has plenty of fashion in the way of pedigree to recommend it. Nothing could more amply have fulfilled the promise of its foalhood; and the same may be said of the grand King of the Forest colt from Methaglin (a daughter of old Hybla), which has been pronounced in well-informed quarters 'the very image of old Fandango,' and we can pay the youngster no higher compliment. Jenny Diver, one of the sweetest mares in the Neasham collection, and dam of Palmflower as well as of the unnamed two-year-old recently victorious at Manchester, shows a highly promising filly by that good but rather neglected sire, Kaiser (into whose blood they have dipped so deeply at Cobham this year); and there are a couple of Irish importations in the shape of colt and filly by Speculum, the former out of Strategy, and the latter from Bicycle, out of the speediest mares of her day, and to be remembered as the dam of Spinster. Both of these descendants of the Moorlands sire are racing-like, with plenty of size, and come of well-tried running blood, which buyers will duly appreciate; and there are one or two more of the Neasham contingent, not quite so fashionably bred, but equally promising. Leolinus and Atherstone both bring contributions to the catalogue, and the produce of neither is likely to be disgraced, even in the good company to which more particular attention has been directed.

"Mr. John Watson of Waresley (whose yearling fillies we notice are also advertised to be sold at Doncastr) sends up three remarkably well-grown colts to the northern racing rendezvous—a couple by his old favourite Cathedral—out of Miss Hawthorn (dam of no end of winners), and out of Compton Lass—while the other is by Doncaster from Euxine, a young King Tom mare straining back to the Flying Dutchman, and whose first produce, Maid of Wye, has already earned a winning bracket. All the above are in the Derby and St. Leger of 1881, and Mr. Watson is likely to show us a much stronger hand next year, for he reports two-and-twenty foals dropped at his paddocks this season, where Albert Victor and Cathedral have been having a busy time of it.

"Mr. Crowther Harrison is 'down' for one lot only in the programme for this autumn, but his 'single swallow' is a very likely looking chesnut by Lowlander, whose yearling stock will make their first bow in the Doncaster sale paddock during the St. Leger week. This youngster is out of Bathilde (the dam of Tomahawk, and a capital performer herself), and has been aptly christened 'Lowland Chief' by his breeder, who can lay claim to having sent up for sale such clinkers as Leonie and Preciosa, though he has never had more than two or three mares to furnish supplies.

"The Moorlands list is not yet quite complete, but Mr. Thompson will probably parade about his usual strength, and the young Speculum will, of course, be the chief attraction in his collection. Among these an own brother to Advance (the first living

colt the mare has thrown since that celebrity) is as good-looking a yearling as will be shown during the week, being a nice 'sizeable' colt, with everything to recommend him in the way of shape, bone, and action; and he is well matched by the bay sister to Memoria and Telescope, a fine, lengthy filly, upon which her breeder especially prides himself, and many other good judges are equally sweet upon this highly-connected young lady. Two other fillies, also by Speculum, and daughters of Produce and Jung Frau respectively, have both size and looks to recommend them, the first-named being sister to Lunette; and there is a sister to Cornucopia, on a slightly smaller scale than the first-mentioned quartette, but very quick, and promising to pay her training bill early in life. *En passant*, we may note that Martyrdom is back again at his old quarters at Moorlands, and at the very modest figure of 15 guineas, and with such excellent public advertisements as Lartington and Robbie Burns (to say nothing of smaller fry), the good-looking chesnut should have his list filled in no time, and, like most of the sons of St. Albans, he gets nearly everything to race a bit.

"Mr. Van Haansbergen of Woodlands, and a whole host of breeders on a smaller scale hailing from the neighbourhood of 'canny Newcastle,' have a field day to themselves on Tuesday morning, when Messrs. Tattersall open the ball; and the yearlings are chiefly by Macgregor, Argyle, and other sires in favour with owners of thoroughbred mares in the far north. Mr. Van Haansbergen's quartette are all begotten by the 'bold outlaw,' and include a brother to Nellie Macgregor, and sisters to Bell the Cat and Randal McEagh, while there are also colts from Knavery and Finesse, the latter a well-known 'snapper up' of Queen's Plates in Ireland in her day. Messrs. Barry, Armstrong, and Orde (the latter *clarum et venerabile nomen* of old Beeswing memory) all show young Macgregors, while Messrs. Fail, Heslop, and Walker have patronised Argyle for their mares; and Mr. James Graham has distributed his favours between Andred, Wild Dayrell II., and Kaiser, by the last named of which he has a capital colt out of Approbation, certain to please good judges. Lastly Mr. Morgan submits for sale a two-year-old filly by Restitution, and we heartily wish all success to the Durhams and Northumbrians who have followed the lead of Mr. Van Haansbergen in breeding for sale under somewhat adverse circumstances as regards situation and climate.

"No breeder, be the times what they may, realises consistently better yearly averages than the veteran William P'Anson of Malton, whose sale is the 'feature' of Friday morning. Fillies, in the proportion of four to three, predominate in the small but choice team hailing from Blink Bonny stud farm, and Caller On, after many accidents and disasters in her stud career, contributes something worthy of 't'auld mare's' reputation in a brown colt by Cremorne, who need only to be seen to be appreciated; and there is much to like about Peffer's King Lud colt, though both he and the Vanderdecken colt may appear lacking in quality when compared with their playmate by Cremorne. Both King Lud and Vanderdecken, however, are sires of a totally different stamp to the elegant Parmesan horse; and there is a filly in the Malton team by the former out of Poldoody, looking thoroughly like business. A bay and a grey filly by Strathconan from Hoodwink and Alice respectively, together with a very sweet daughter of Speculum and Bonny May, make up Mr. P'Anson's seven; but we miss the names of Bonny Bell, Borealis, and other well-known names from the list, though we trust they may not be unrepresented in 1880.

"Mr. Taylor Sharpe, whose yearlings follow P'Anson's into the sale ring, musters half a score from Baumber Park, Suffolk, Doncaster, Pero Gomez, Strathconan, Young Melbourne, Merry Sunshine, and Boiard being responsible among them for the five of each sex marshalled in the catalogue of the day. Many who take stock of Stamen will regret Suffolk's departure from these shores, while Ma Belle (an own sister to Valentine) and Boadicea are also capital examples of the North Lincoln horse. Pretty Dance is own sister to Country Dance, but better all round and with lots of quality; and Peregrine, by Pero Gomez out of Adelaide, is one of the old Glasgow breed bought at the Enfield sale last autumn, where we duly made a note of him as A 1, and that he has gone on in his well-doing will be amply evidenced, we trust, by spirited biddings for his possession. Strathleven is bred after the fashion best suited to his sire Strathconan, and Lord Melbourne is out of Triermain's dam; while we must also say a good word for the breeding as well as for the looks of the colt and filly by Merry Sunshine (one of the best bred sires in the world), and the only thing against Areopagus is her name, which would be more appropriate for a colt than a filly. Our readers may be glad to know that the Cæruleus foals at Baumber Park are giving every satisfaction, and Mr. Taylor Sharpe is confident about the brother to Blue Gown ultimately taking high rank among the sires of the day.

"Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, like a good many other breeders with young sires, has been using his own horse Landmark, but is wisely keeping the youngsters by that sire at home, as purchasers will not look at any by stallions which have not yet sired something of merit. He sends to Doncaster a filly by Brown Bread out of Lady Highborn, dam of Mrs. Pond; a bay colt, by Albert Victor out of the dam of Molly Cobroy; and a colt by Cathedral out of a Young Martyrdom mare; but as we know nothing of them beyond their pedigrees, we must leave the thoroughbreds from Driffield to speak for themselves.

"Mr. Botterill, who has brought up to Doncaster such good subsequent performers as Strathavon, Knight of the Bath, Majesty, Eastern Empress, and others, and these out of a very small collection of brood-mares, has bestowed his chief patronage on Lowlander for this year's batch of youngsters, and a characteristic of the big chesnut's stock is immensely powerful backs and quarters, which sent their sire bowling up so many a hill in such magnificent style. Lowland Queen is out of Honeycomb (by Kettledrum, from Honeydew); another filly, Lowland Flower, claims True Blue as her dam; while Lord of the Vale is from a General Williams' mare, and a real credit to Lowlander. Lady Sprightly is aptly named, for she looks as quick as a rabbit, and is, if we mistake not, one of the old Sheffield Lane sort, being by Mandrake out of Lady Temple, a pedigree which reads like racing.

"From Sledmere come up a brace of colts by Macaroni, and a filly by Galopin, all out of daughters of the illustrious house of Agnes, the genealogical tree of which is now getting rather 'mixed'; and we must refer our readers to the Stud Book for further exact information regarding the dam of Sir Tatton Sykes's yearlings. Most unfortunately, their nominations by him for the great races of 1881 arrived at Messrs. Weatherby's a few hours too late; so that the Doncaster success cannot be repeated two years hence.

"Croft, which in old times has turned out so many illustrious graduates in racing honours, is still administered by a member of the house of Winteringham; and its contingent of eight yearlings includes, in addition to scions to Andred, Barefoot, and Macgregor, a brace by King Lud (who has already made his mark with Princess Bladud and Incendiary), and a leash by Albert Victor, who occupied Underhand's old box at the Spa Hotel during the season of 1877. All three by Mr. Cartwright's favourite are fillies, and out of sister to Glendale, Letty Long, and last, but not least, the venerable Lady Dot, who has given so many successful pledges to Turf history. It is only fair to

add that Camballo disputes with Albert Victor the sireship of the last-named; but she is an undoubted credit to whatever begot her, and both her suitors trace back to Touchstone, whose blood has nicked so well with hers in former alliances made with Dundee and Scottish Chief.

"But we must draw to a conclusion; and all that remains for us is to wish a moderate measure of luck to tempters of fortune in the sale-rings at Doncaster and Cobham, whether in the capacity of buyers or sellers. The former would appear to have had their turn for the nonce, and to have abdicated in favour of their customers, by which means accounts may be balanced; and let us hope that a fresh start may soon be made under happier auspices and with fuller purses on both sides than at present. Meanwhile there is some consolation in the reflection that things cannot well be worse than now, and the turning in the long lane will be none the less welcome because unexpected by those 'dead out of luck.'"

Besides the lots to which special allusion has been made in the article transferred to these columns, we find a whole host of others claiming notice at our hands, and these we shall treat in the advertised order of sale for the four days at Doncaster. Commencing, then, on Tuesday, we find Mr. Hankridge opening the ball with a Blue Mantle colt, and Mr. Cecil Samuda represented by an own brother to Claudius; while Mr. Wright's, of Richmond, trump card should be an own brother to Falmouth, among half a dozen yearlings by Glenlyon, many of them from dams of winners, colts by Speculum, Kingcraft, and Wild Dayrell II. making up the rest of his hand. Mr. Fitzwilliam's trio are by King Lud, Lecturer, and Ventnor, and Mr. Green's Lowlander Duke proclaims his own pedigree, after which the Messrs. Graham, of Yardley, offer half a score by Oxford, Ben Webster, The Duke, Playfair, and Sterling, among the latter's produce being colts from Datura and Fern, and a filly out of Mirella, to be let for her racing career only. A busy morning on the Leger day commences with eight yearlings the property of Mr. Bromwich (who sent up some rare good-looking ones by John Davis last year), and again we find him with a colt and filly by that horse, while King Lud, Barefoot, Thunderer, and General Peel are all contributors to his catalogue, and the dams of some good winners are represented among them. Mr. Earl's colt by Sugarplum comes next, followed by Mr. Gordon's Cremorne colt out of Picnic, and a filly by Mandrake from Worthless, bred by Mr. Wilson; and following these into the ring come Mr. Clarke's three, consisting of a colt by Cremorne and a brace of fillies by Merry Sunshine, all out of matrons of some repute, and likely to sustain the reputation of their breeder. Mr. Whiting offers a couple by Lowlander (whose first season in Yorkshire was a regular "bumper"), Mr. Lee three Strathconans, and Mrs. King fillies by Scottish Chief from Apology, and by Adventurer out of Milliner, likely to provoke some keen competition among the many seekers after running blood.

Mr. Gregory Watkins advertises half-a-dozen yearlings, all by his own horse, Distin, save one, by Cardinal York out of a Distin mare, and in addition there are thirteen more lots hailing from Woodfield, consisting of brood mares and foals, five of the former and eight of the latter, and all sired by or mated with Lady Elizabeth's brother. Those old *habitués* of Doncaster, Lord Scarborough and Mr. Eyke, muster half a score of youngsters apiece, the Tickhill lot containing eight by Strathconan (including brothers to Gem of Gems, Bersaglier, and Cairngorm and sister to Strathern), and a King Lud colt from Lowlander's dam, besides a Doncaster filly from Lady Alice Hawthorn. Mr. Eyke shows us the very last of the Brown Breads, three fillies and a colt, the latter own brother to Picnic, and for the remainder of his team the Shropshire breeder has patronised Onslow, Cucumber, and Cathedral, and it may be added that Mr. Eyke's customers in previous years have drawn some rare bargains from his lucky-bag, while their breeder's running comments on his various lots in the sale-ring are worth going a long way to hear. Another Brown Bread colt is the property of Doctor Proctor, and this is followed by yearlings bred in small lots at various places, and claiming descent from Cucumber, Bourbaki, Reverberation, Landmark, Vanderdecken, and Cremorne; while Mr. Hudson's three are by Brown Bread, Albert Victor, and Cathedral out of Lady Highborn, Peg Fife, and a Martyrdom mare, two colts, and a filly. On Thursday comes another heavy morning's business, Mr. Young and Mr. Craggs offering four colts, all by Strathconan, and Mr. Milner three fillies by Vanderdecken out of his "alphabetical" family of mares, so many of which the Osbornes have had in training at Ashgill. Captain Thompson's half-sister to Robbie Burns by Speculum should not hang fire, whatever may be her relative's fate in the St. Leger; and following upon these come some brood mares and yearlings of Mr. Somerset's, a Lifeboat filly, and a Newland colt and Pero Gomez filly, bred by Mr. H. Harrison, and out of the dams of Glenara and Robin. Three by Exminster and one by Leolinus, make up the Gilsde Park lot; and Mr. Bartram sends up a brother to Anonyma and Vanderdecken filly; while Mr. James Snarry's pair follow Sir Tatton's into the sale ring, and consist of a colt by Speculum from the famous Lily Agnes, and a filly by Macaroni out of another member of the same distinguished family. Moulsey and Macgregor are responsible for Mr. Chilton's pair of colts (both from dams of winners), and Mr. Cholmley has patronised Knight of the Garter and Speculum in addition to Lowlander; to whom all the eight brood mares from Wassand are in foal, and the yearlings by him from the same stud number ten, besides one by the Baron. Mr. John Trotter's exhibits consist of a brother in blood to K. G., a colt by King Lud out of Palmbearer's dam, and an Andred filly out of Mineralogy. Lord Exeter's are all by Onslow, and Mr. Robert Harrison contributes three, by King Lud, Lecturer, and Albert Victor, all the produce of good-looking, well-bred mares, likely to be suited by their respective alliances. Friday's is rather a mixed catalogue, as usual, and we have already noticed the principal teams; but among the brood mares we may call special attention to Oxford Mixture, whose union with Strathconan should infallibly produce a grey; and we notice various drafts for sale, including four from Lord Scarborough's collection, two the property of Mr. Surtees, and four belonging to Mr. Trotter, including Schechallion, the dam of the second in this year's Derby. Peahen, Henley, and Lady Annie have all, we believe, thrown winners, and while the first-named has visited Speculum the two others are due to the young sire Hampton. Mr. Green Price parts with three, Gold Dust, Cochineal, and Destruction, all very presentable matrons, and there are sundry other odd lots, including Aneroid by Colonel, "well known in Ireland," and some stray yearlings by Cathedral, Glenlyon, Suffolk, Adventurer, Brown Bread, and Wenlock, of which we have no particulars to hand.

The Doncaster programme presents few new features, except as regards an increase in added money, which was much needed, looking at the liberality evinced by promoters of meetings elsewhere. This year the "monkey" given to the time-honoured Champagne Stakes has given a spurt to entries, but the race is hampered by the "tinpot" condition of a minor forfeit, and, strange to say, both Robert the Devil and Prefect are among the non-contents. However, there is no "bright particular star" to take the shine out of the rest, and in the probable absence of Mask, *Ambassadors* may be equal to the task of taking care of Preston Pans, Pride of the Highlands, Heir Apparent, In Bounds, Napsbury, Fire King, Mr. Lorillard's best,

the Fair Rosamond filly, and Robert Peck's selected. The last-named trainer is pretty certain to pick up the Filly Stakes with the fair *Douranee*, and the Rous Plate on Thursday may also fall to the same stable by the aid of *Duke of Cumberland*, who shall have our vote in preference over Bonnie Marden, Jenny Diver filly, and Experiment, over the severe three-quarters of a mile competitors will be called upon to compass. Anything might win the Scarborough Stakes, but we are rather inclined to the chance of *George Albert*, against those of Bute, Palmbearer, Mausoleum, and Glenara. The Zetland Stakes would seem to be at the mercy of *Rayon d'Or*, who will only have to gallop down Gilderoy and Khamseen; and in the Park Hill there is nothing better than Reconciliation and Jessie Agnes for *Wheel of Fortune* to settle for a stake of about one thousand pounds. As Lord Falmouth may not care to pull his mare out again for the Doncaster Stakes, the task of beating Kycerski, Lansdown, Jessie Agnes, and Co. may very well be left to *Ruperra*, unless Leap Year should do battle for Heath House in the Park Hill, when we shall stand *Wheel of Fortune* to beat the Green Lodge crack. The Wentworth Stakes might be won by *Muncester*, and this clears the way for a brief review of the chances of the St. Leger candidates, which, however, must needs be brief, having regard to the space devoted to it elsewhere in these pages. After *Wheel of Fortune's* unexpected overthrow on Knavesmire things must be admitted to have got a little "mixed," and owners of fair class candidates are plucking up their spirits in the hope of being able to emulate the success of the Houldsworth green and gold at York. These, if they are calculating upon the form shown by *Ruperra* this year, may find themselves grievously mistaken, as there can be little doubt that Ryan has got his horse back to something even better than his best of last year, while some go so far as to say that the chesnut was not quite cherry-merry when he succeeded so effectually in putting a spoke into the famous "Wheel" at York. Then, again, admirers of the filly assert, with an equal show of reason, that Matt. Dawson has still to put the finishing touches upon his favourite, who certainly stepped very quickly to *Ruperra* when they began to race in earnest, and nothing will persuade them but that it was lack of condition which told at last, and not want of heart—an insinuation indignantly, and we might add, reasonably repudiated. Doubtless time and reflection will tend to bring *Ruperra* to a much shorter price than that at which he now finds friends, and it cannot be denied that the race presents a far more open aspect than was the case a fortnight ago; but we shall be content, for once, to overlook the Great Yorkshire Stakes running, and to plump for

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

as our championess for the St. Leger, leaving the place honours to be fought out by *Ruperra*, *Rayon d'Or*, and Sir Bevy's.

SKYLARK.

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES (CONTINUED).—THE WHITE HORSE, KENSINGTON.

(See page 584 ante.)

On August 2nd, in the year 1716, when Joseph Addison made his grand match, taking to wife Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland, many envied him his good fortune, and here, in that little roadside country hostelry which stood at the corner of Lord Holland's lane, Kensington, it was doubtless a subject of constant conversation. He was then a great and famous man. Three years before he had produced his tragedy of *Cato*, which had made a wonderful run on the Drury Lane boards of thirty-five successive nights. "The Whigs," wrote Johnson, "applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt"—an odd arrangement, of which, however, the famous playwright had little cause to complain. Two years before he had been made secretary to the Lords of the Regency, when rumour said that King George was coming to make him Secretary of State. One year before was played *The Drummer*, partially modelled by Addison on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*.

The haughty Countess had been a widow fifteen years when she graciously condescended to accept the hand of Joseph Addison, an act of condescension of which she speedily determined that her new husband should never hear the last. Nominally Mr. Addison became master of Holland House, Kensington; really there was not a servant in it less master than he was.

"To oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be owned for her husband," Addison was elevated to a place in the new Cabinet as one of the principal Secretaries of State.

Addison has received two distinct characters. Lord Chesterfield, judging him in his stately home and amidst his wife's grandeur, thought him "the most timorous and awkward man that he ever knew." Pope, seeing him in the society of his intellectual equals, said he "was perfect company with intimates; and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man."

It has been commonly stated and believed that Addison's marriage with the Countess was a most unhappy one, and that many a time and oft he escaped from his overbearing, termagant wife to meet a friend, enjoy a glass and a chat, or eat his favourite dish, a well-cooked fillet of veal. Here glorious John Dryden may often have joined him in a friendly bottle, and Pope got up again and again to go before his friend would let him depart along the dark and lonely footpad-haunted roads that then separated London from Kensington. Here short-faced Richard Steele may have been as reluctant to let him go.

The White Horse was taken down many years ago, but the tradition of Addison's frequent visits clung to it until the last and made it famous to all time.

A FAIR correspondent writes from Cabourg to the *Bulletin*:—

"The French papers have been guilty of several 'crimes' this year about Cabourg. They say that the band at the Casino leaves nothing to be desired. I regret I am so *difficile*. Why, my dear, no two instruments are in tune, and the prevailing sound in every concert is the drum. The floor upon which we vainly hoped to do the 'light fantastic' is almost as sandy and heavy as the beach outside. I may add, however, that as a 'rustication,' a do-nothing, sauntering place, it is just the thing. The environs are pretty and the bathing is good. The bricks-and-mortar element is not too prominent; and Cabourg may be best described as grassy, roomy, and shady. We had a fair entertainment last night at the theatre, given by M. Fusier, from the Palais-Royal—something like that of our old friends Mr. and Mrs. German Reed."

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